



Deal with the Devil by **reddogf.13**

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Summary: Beverly, for barely a year had been suffering a terminal illness. one night after accepting her fate of oncoming death she gets the sudden urge to return to Derry. returning back after being gone for 11 years she comes face to face with IT. offering a disturbing deal of a lifetime. "carry my eggs, and I'll fix you back to perfect health." Will she commit to a deal with the devil?

1. Ringmaster

Beverly's life had suddenly come crashing down barely a year ago. It started with a cough that just wouldn't go away. She used all the allergy med, then all the cough drops, then she moved on desperately to cold medicines. None of them worked after weeks of home treatment. Then came the blood one early morning after a coughing fit. The red liquid staining her hand had her on the verge of vomiting. What was happening to her?!

She set up a doctors appointment as soon as she could. That week before her appointment feeling like years. The wait in the lobby before the doctor feeling like months passing. Inside the office the doctor checked over her throat. Passing it off as simply a sore throat despite her concerns brought up. She was sent home where she immediately set up another appointment. Looking for a second opinion from a competent doctor.

Another new symptom building her worries. Her breath constricting in her chest. Sleep no longer possible being that no one would check on her. What if she stopped breathing in the night? She lived alone and worked at home doing office papers. The soonest someone may notice her missing was a month later when papers were overdue. If she was noticed to be missing in action she doubted they would send someone to her home. Preferring to cut the ties on dead weight to the company. She couldn't let all these problems interfere in her life of work. Working the time away to be a little more tolerable of her illness.

The next doctor's visit didn't go any better. Talks of maybe it being tonsillitis to heavy pneumonia. She was passed from doctor to doctor for more tests. This illness she had stumping doctors on what it could be. None of the x rays showed anything nor the multiple scans. The visits needing her to stop her work to fully focus on her health. The most disappointing birthday that year for sure. Spending her 26th birthday prodded by doctors. The money running out over the months still having no clear answer.

Her body sick of all the bloody hacking. Her breathing turned to tight wheezing out her pained chest. Her weight taking a drastic drop no

matter how heavy the doctors made her diet. Nothing giving her answers she willingly, after fighting so long, accepted her fate. Receiving some relief at the thought of her massive schedule of doctors visits clear. She went to bed late that night ready to sleep in past her next visit. Giving up on it all.

Waking strangely in the night to a tugging at her chest. Driving her to anxiously get up to stand by the phone. Fearing that this was about to be a drastic health change for the worse. After sitting in the living room with her phone for the past hour. She thought over what the feeling could be. It wasn't painful or sickening to her stomach like the usual problems. It was like someone pulling her along to go somewhere. Being specific toward one direction in its constant pulling.

"what could possibly be in that direction?" thinking it pointed upwards toward the eastern corner of the large USA. An area she hadn't been around since leaving ... "Derry." she found her answer to where she needed to go. Something inside her going "yes, come here." but why there?

"some dying homing instinct?" thinking bitterly about how animals went off alone to die. After accepting her impending death it may have been the final click for her body. Urging her to return home where she was born to finally die. "how poetic." thinking sarcastically as she looked over her phone. Looking over the various airport sites to find the most comfortable flight the next morning. Choosing the luxurious business class offering free wine she would greatly appreciate.

Knowing she wouldn't sleep she started packing for the trip. Shredding documents she assumed she would never come back for. Eating a meal of microwaved pasta to hold her over for a while. Dragging her arm across a shelf covered in medication bottles directly into a trash can. Happy to see the sight of throwing them all away. They never helped her anyway despite doctors claiming over and over it would take time. After 7 months she was sick of doctors. Smelling that overly clean hospital soap made her gag every time now.

A hot shower later and she was off to meet a taxi outside. Her

exhaustion hitting hard now having her barely awake in the back seat. Through the terminal she bought the blackest coffee to chug on her way to the plane. Relaxing back in her seat holding a fresh glass of white wine. She hadn't had any sort of alcohol since starting her doctors visits. No alcohol while taking meds, of course. The smooth taste of it like gold to her in these times of bitter medicine. Drinking a few glasses before sleeping the rest of the flight away.

Earning a full 6 hours of sleep to wake around dinner time. Enjoying a fresh meal she didn't have to cook. Another 2 hours had them eventually landing down in Maine. Needing to land in another city by Derry where there was an airport. Taking the final half hour last leg of travel in a taxi. The stress of all the traveling taking a toll on her remaining health. Heading straight for the hospital when arriving in town over a hotel. Seemed a more suitable place anyway for when her time came.

"would hate to traumatize some poor housekeeping finding a dead body." thinking to herself as she checked in. gagging over that sterile smell while changing into a hospital gown. Dealing with the doctors asking her thousands of questions. Having trouble talking ever since her voice went out months ago. She protested taking more tests, but the doctors insisted. She gave in with no energy to argue. Put right into a bed on fluids along orders to wear an oxygen mask. Accepting whatever to be left alone for the rest of the night.

Her new room left dimly lit by night light of sorts for easy night navigation. Her room being large and happily containing only a single bed for her. A full bathroom off to the side and a large TV on the wall. A large window following the length of a whole wall showing the Derry town lit up in lights. The summer fairs Ferris wheel shining the brightest from afar above all else. Highlighting the surrounding black forest in a glow of multiple colors. "at least there's a view." watching out from her resting spot. Exhaustion taking over to slowly drift over to sleep.

Her heavy rest disturbed far too early from the norm. doctors never woke her this early, but someone was trying to. Shaking her shoulder until she opened her eyes to glare at them. Eyes shooting wide open at the sight of the smiling clown crouched over her. Her weakened body locked up with a mere flinch in reaction. Glaring at him being

the only thing she could do otherwise.

"hi-ya Beverly." he happily greeted with his usual smile. "not doing too well I see." she opened her mouth to try speaking. Her weakened voice having nothing coming out. Yet, he still somehow knew what she wanted to ask.

"what do I want?" speaking for her. "I want a favor." grinning from ear to ear. Beverly looking suspiciously to him. What could he possibly want from her and what could she do for him? She had enough trouble now walking down a straight hall.

"I want you to have my children." stating to her bluntly. The fact he was crouched over her so closely creating a physical panic after the news. The loud blaring of her heart monitor annoying him to the point he smashed it with his fist. Looking back down on her in a more serious expression. "don't have a heart attack. I won't do such a disgusting act of force on you. I am entirely leaving the decision up to you." calming her down from her panic. She right after glared an obvious look of rejection on his favor.

"how about a deal instead?" his smile returning. "carry my eggs, and I'll fix you back to perfect health." the offer still rejected by her. Suspicion in the back of her mind forming over all this. Was that strange tugging his influence to offer this "deal". Was her whole illness a ploy created by him from the beginning.

He laughed at her questioning look of accusation. "I will admit I tempted you here, but the disease is entirely on you. I know exactly what your illness is and I know it cant be cured in this late a stage. They've tested you're blood, shoved the pills down your throat, took all the x rays followed by the scans. Ask them for a bronchoscopy and you'll see. heh-heh They don't see, but I do and after the test, they will too. Heh-heh, you'll know heh-heh." chuckling along.

"you can spend the rest of your remaining time wasting away to a slow painful death. Or do me a small favor." another question coming to her mind. why her of all people? She was horribly sick and not on good terms with him. Couldn't he have gotten someone else?

"you've been in my lights without going mad. You've seen my true

self without dying. No one else has held as strong as you. I cannot properly make young in this form, I need someone who can handle both the physical and mental pressure." his answer making her refuse harder then before. It wouldn't just be the clown, it would be that horrific spider impregnating her.

"Just say so, if you change your mind." his form disappearing in a flash of dissolving smoke. The heart monitor beeping normally again as if it were never smashed. Leaving Beverly to contemplate what happened seconds ago. Was the clown serious about asking her to be pregnant with his ... eggs? Was it all a dream off her medication withdrawal? What was her illness. A bronchoscopy was sending a camera into her lungs in search for something. He didn't tell her a specific spot for them to check. Did that mean no matter what they would find something? Nothing to do, but wait until morning. Her being able to sleep again was impossible.

As soon as the doctor for the day came in she cut them off. Not wanting to hear another "we couldn't find anything." asking for a bronchoscopy like the clown told her to. The doctors tried to talk her out of it by calling it "unnecessary". She wasn't having any of it. They tried everything else they may as well try the "unnecessaries".

Eventually they gave in. helping her prep for the procedure of bringing a tube camera into her lungs. Handing her a medication to numb her throat in a separate operating room. Sitting there as doctors twisted the medal tube down. Pulling it back out after a bit of recording was done. The time they took being too short. Her being sure they were getting the unnecessary thing done with as soon as possible. Rather then taking their time to solve a mysterious issue.

Seeing them gathered through a window into a separate office looking at a screen. Talking amongst themselves that she wasn't able to hear. She however, could still see their reactions. Shocked panic crossing their faces to more talking. Devolving into a loud argument that rumbled through the wall.

Beverly was losing her patients on leaving her out of the conversation. She figured out the big news before any of the doctors did about whatever she had being terminal. The only shocking part of the news would be what it was killing her. They hesitantly came in to

give the big news. Shuffling their feet while fidgeting their hands.

"spit it out." her rough pained voice demanded of them. Done on waiting for all the answers that had been escaping her for so long.

"its lung cancer." a doctor spoke out. The answer was a surprising, yet somehow not at the same time.

Thinking after all those years of smoking she did. "the disease really is all on me." bitterly chuckling at the thought back on what the clown said.

"its terminal ... your lungs are filled with tumors. They were too small to see on the x rays. Which is why nobody caught it. I am sorry there's nothing we can do at this point."

"I get it." she roughly answered. They helped her back to her room to let her settle down before giving her the other bad news. Due to being unable to do anything about her illness they had to make her leave. Allowing only one more day there with the suggestion of getting an in home carer for her remaining time.

Beverly was blocking it all out at this point. Was she so set on dying now after the disease being named? She expected to stay in the hospital until her time came. That was thrown out the window needing a change of plans. Go die at a hotel or try to travel back home from Derry? There was the one other option ... she tossed the idea ... at first. Going back and forth through the day then into the night. Contemplating her thoughts once again in the lonely night on lack of sleep. Weighing carefully the pros and cons, because once she accepted there would be no going back.

1st the moral reasons was the biggest, funny enough to her, not the point of having sex with a giant unearthly spider. To allow the creation of children born under *IT*. Spreading more man eaters across possibly the whole universe. Being the mother of what could be called a plague. Giving *IT* children while it took so many from other parents. The whole thing seemed unfair to everyone in Derry.

the 2nd reason was if it'd be worth it. What if the pregnancy worked like the alien movies? Pregnant long enough for them to burst out of

her chest. Killing her after the miraculous healing *IT* offered.

3rd was could she go through with it. Dealing with the giant spider in such an intimate moment. How much pain would there be? Could he fit at all on such a size difference? Were they even compatible in terms of creating children? Must be if he was so willing to try. How many other times has he tried to make children and with who?

Considering all those her decision slowly changed through the night. Giving *IT* a chance to save her life in the deal, However a few more details were going to be tacked on. If she was going to give *IT* kids, he wasn't allowed to take anybody else's. She was fully willing to enforce this by holding his kids hostage. If she even thought he was trying to hide a devoured child from her, she would leap right off a cliff. Thinking it to be more responsible of her then to allow such uncontrollable monsters be born.

Pulling off her oxygen mask, on the aim to stand, she sat at the beds end. Taking the time to rebuild her energy for the stand up. Hand on the wall the entire way to the bathroom. Leaving the door open at knowing she'd be quick for just a message. Looking down the sink water drain in second guessing if she really wanted this.

Her body took in a deep wheeze to speak. "fine. Make me better." the few words made her chest ache. Needing so much more air to breath she headed back to bed. returning her air mask in place seeming not much different than when it was off. Those small actions taking so much out of her she fell right asleep. Closing her eyes into a deep slumber long into the golden morning.

When she opened her eyes she could feel something had changed. Her chest didn't ache as much as it used to. A deep breath of air hearing her usual wheezing was completely gone. Was she better already? Sitting up so fast it made her head spin. The ache in her chest acting backup had her hissing in pain.

"fuck, guess not." her voice sounding far better than it was yesterday. Whatever he was doing to help it worked, but slowly."he better not expect me to immediately head right down into the pipes." fully expecting him to assume that. "he would have come and fetched me by now, I guess. If I show the doctors I am improving it could buy me

a few more days here."

when the doctors arrived to check on her that morning she did just that. Convincing them to do another bronchoscopy before kicking her out. They agreed after another argument of it being "unnecessary" assuming she was in full denial of her condition. They redid the procedure and were stunned at how far the tumor growth receded overnight. Calling it a miracle while offering various routes of treatments to consider. She rejected all of them on the fact it would be a waste of money. There was only one reason for this "miraculous" recovery and it certainly wasn't the years of doctors visits. The doctors weren't happy she rejected treatment, however allowed her to stay for further observation.

It took a whole week for her to fully recover. The doctors were amazed at the cancers rapid disintegration. Practically begging her to help in research as to how it was possible. She refused of course while preparing her leave. That night in her new hotel room she anxiously waited for *the call*. Today had to be the day she was suppose to go to him. Having been officially labeled healthy enough to check out of the hospital. It was all that was left to complete the deal. That didn't mean she was going to meet him automatically. She preferred to be called when everything was ready on his end. Rather than waiting down below for them to get it over with.

When she looked out over her new night view of Derry the tugging sensation returned. The sensation strongest when gazing toward the highlighted black woods. "not choosing the fair?" scoffing at the locations area. Hesitant to go seal the deal out in the pitch black woods.

"should I bring anything?" looking over her unpacked bags she almost forgot were there. all her stress clouding her thoughts throughout the day. "my coat should be it." grabbing it off a hook to swing over her arms. Considering buying a first aid kit on the way. Not sure how aggressive he will be during the *event*.

Heading out into the cold lonely night. Warm puffs of her breath covered in the colors of the fair she passed. Not a soul in sight seeing her wander off into the ominous forest. The towering trees blocking any light from the Ferris wheel at its edge.

Thinking with a pull out of a mini flashlight from her pocket. "clown couldn't have picked somewhere that's lit." continuing to navigate through the brush. "somewhere less like an obstacle course." grumbling along her tugging path. Slowing to a stop when the tugging died down. She had arrived to wherever he wanted them to meet. Confused by his lack of presence in the middle of the forest. Turning her flash light around her in search of him. "not here yet? Is he really going to have me wait?" walking a bit more forward.

Unaware that a large mound of earth was rising. A false covering acting like a trap door as something below waited. Two long slender black limbs stretching from the entrance. Silver threading spread between them glistening off the minimal light reaching it. In a swift lunge Beverly was snagged in the threading. Having no time to react as she was yanked down below the hidden door. Underground in the darkness whatever had grabbed her waited for her to regather herself.

She could hear a deep chuckle as she struggled in the thread wrapped tightly around her. Dropping her struggling to glare up toward the darkness where the chuckle originated. Limply laying back into the surrounding threading that held her like a hammock. Twisting her free hand just enough to shine her small light on many legs all black covered in a smooth shell. If it wasn't obvious enough who it was, it sure was now.

The shining light catching the bright reflection of 8 large eyes staring down at her. Jaws of many rowed teeth covered in reflective drool. It's hot breath warming her cold face to a gentle scent of honeyed peaches. The scent having the effect of relaxing her tense body further into going limp.

"you look well." he chuckled in a twist around down the large dirt tunnels. She wasn't sure how to respond to that. Turning her attention to where they were going. Carried close the entire way down further and further. Able to see the sharp dropping tunnels he climbed down repeatedly. At one point she wondered if they were going to the center of the earth. The temperature below going from freezing cold to a nice room temperature warmth. The dirt walls transitioning to tunnels of webbing. Crawling across beams of them to raise up high into a large webbed cocoon structure.

He stopped by one particular spot to set her down. The webbing underneath her being fluffier than the rest. A soft bedding she was stuck down upon by the threading she was wrapped in earlier. Being belly down had her anxiously wait for the next step. Unable to see what he was doing nor able to move enough to look around. Tensing at his many arms tapped to feel along her repeatedly. Questioning why he was repeatedly doing it on no real goal such as to remove her clothes. Accepting it as a weird form of affectionate petting.

It did manage to do something by easing away her tenseness. Not so fearfully stressed by possible rough handling. When her body laid there fully limp he moved his touching a little lower, caressing her some more on the fresh tenseness cropping up. Beverly breathing in nervously after the removal of her lower clothing. Flinching away from him resting down onto her. The sensation on a wriggling thing between her legs having her gasp out. Shivering at the slime it spread up along her thighs. Pressing its heated length over her legs in gentle prodding. Searching for its goal to bury itself into so desperately.

His gentle handling no longer having the easing effect it used to. Tensing up at the gliding organ approaching closer. Requiring him to help spread her legs a little further apart. The slithering organ rubbing up against her entrance in the most needy of manors. The organ not being as smooth as she first thought. Covered in mini tendrils that squirmed in there own separate ways. Rubbing against her building the pleasure up in long gliding strokes. Tendrils squirming their way in to massage her walls for only a moment before being pulled back.

Moaning in pleasure after holding it for as long as she could. Sucking in a sharp breath when he slowly pressed in. shivering at all the tendrils rubbing along her walls. Pressing deeper had her squirming in pleasure under him. Wanting to press back further onto him, but the webbing kept her firmly in place. A blessing alongside his newly forming thrusts. Burying himself deeper to fill every inch of her with his pulsating girth.

A deep purring topping it all off by another level of vibrating friction. The organ twisting down deep to her end where it pressed its pointed tip. Reaching too deep too fast causing her to flinch, hissing out at the sharp pain. When she did he flinched back from her his deep purr

cut off. The thrusting fully stopped to gently feel over her.

Annoyed he stopped so suddenly she encouraged him on. "keep going." appreciating that he was being extremely considerate of her pain. Enjoying his pace picking back up into a full thrust. Moaning into the fluffy threading on her building peak. Squeezing around him she could feel how hard he was getting. Pulsing against her tightening walls the closer he got. The tip pressing deep gaining another flinch although not as big as the last.

His size gaining in obvious growth to stretch her. Half the tendrils massaging deeply at her walls while the others pressed into her. Stretching themselves to act as an inside lock from being pulled out. His tip thinly stretching itself passed that delicate wall to re-expand on the other side. The steady drip of something warm rushing a wave of ecstasy over her.

Thrown over the edge she screamed into the threading to muffle herself. Firmly tensing around him to bring forth a thick wave of warmth. Heating up her lower stomach in the time she came down from her orgasmic high. All her orgasmic writhing held still by his many arms pressing her into the soft bedding. Raising her legs further up to press down in at a straighter angle. Snapping to attention by the feeling of something else filling her. His length, deeply seated still, flexing in pulsing waves to move something along. Psychically feeling whatever it was reaching the end of him to drop down into her.

They were small, she could tell, like marbles. Many of them being collected to the point she no longer felt them dropping. Maybe a shift now and again as the pile spread out to fill the available space.

Figuring out that he must be inserting the eggs she stayed limp. Taking deep breaths to better ignore the strange sensation. Hard to turn her mind off being filled by insect eggs. "How many is he going to put in?" worrying about how much he was going to fill her. Noticing right as her belly began to distend he stopped the flow of eggs. Bringing his head down to nip along her back. while trying to look back in seeing what he was doing he nipped at one particular sensitive spot.

Her body tensed up exhaling a gasp of pleasure. Her body tensing around him is exactly what he wanted. Pouring in another wave of thick cum to fully fertilize the eggs freshly planted. His size decreasing with the tendrils going lax to unlock himself from her. Pulling out to then wrap the rest of her in a tightly threaded bundle. Not wanting any amount of seed to seep from her so early. Covering her in another layer of fluffed threading to gently blanket her.

Resting down by hovering over her in defensive guarding of his newly pregnant female. As if anyone would dare come down this far to harm her. She waited in her permanently bound spot for him to do anything else. Relaxing down into the soft bedding on nothing else going on between them. Closing her eyes to sleep the night away.

couldn't wait to post this. first chapter may be weird, but gets more wholesome later. i don't have it fully written yet, but its meant to be very short. between 3-5 chaps max.

and yes, the spider lings will be seen later. :3

2. Fun house

Beverly woke in the same place she was left. Sitting up when she noticed herself being free of the threading. All her clothing returned onto her in her sleep. An effort of figuring out her surroundings useless by how dark it was. Patting around nearby for where her mini flashlight rolled off to. Thankfully not too far when she found it laying three feet away. Liking that she wouldn't be in pure darkness as long as her light battery lasted.

Shining the light over walls of threading connected to more of the same walls. Everything covered in a repeated threading pattern of weaved Xs as far as the eye could see. Broken by a lone tunnel entrance leading further into a never ending blackness. She assumed the other side edged the sheer drop they passed over. Not a pleasant way of escape unless she found some climbing gear. A reflective pair of orbs catching the light by the entrance snagging her attention. Redirecting her light onto the clown that had just arrived back. He froze his steps in the spotlight over him. Studying him she saw a paper bag in his hands letting off warm steam.

His body more lax than his usual straightened intimidating stance. Not staring intensely directly at her as usual either. Turning his head away to glance back at her now and again by the corner of his eye. Stepping tentatively closer over to her little by little. Stopping early to leave a distance between them where he set down the bag. voice soft as he pushed the bag closer to her.

"I brought you food." Sitting off to the side crouched low to the floor as he watched her start to examine the bag.

Weirded out by his strangely submissive behavior she fully turned to the bag. Opening the bag had her stomach growl by the delicious smell of food wafting out. The first meal she'd have since out of the hospital. A take out tray filled by a steaming pile of pancakes next to bacon. A few bottles of orange juice sitting at the bottom of the bag. Enjoying the smell of adding on her small container of syrup. As with alcohol she wasn't allowed anything surgery in ages by her doctors.

Pausing to take her first bite by the clown speaking again. "I will be

gone to build you a new nest. Will you be fine down here alone?"

contemplating about being alone she soon nodded her head. Staying down so deep in the earth would hardly be a problem. At the most it would be annoying if her light went out. He nodded back in confirmation before leaving her be.

"new nest?" she wondered. "where? Did he expect me to stay inside forever?" thinking about what was to happen now with her abnormal pregnancy. Stuck inside living by him for who knows how many months. Would her pregnancy be quicker then normal? What if it was incredibly slow taking up to a few years? She didn't think about these questions before.

What about after when she finally gave birth? They split their separate ways? Would the ... kids ... need either of them? Or could they be independent from birth like some insects. A knot forming in her stomach at remembering how some spider young work. Some species devouring their mother shortly after hatching. That depended on them acting like spiders though. What if they acted more like vulnerable baby crocodiles needing care?

"not much I can do." if the baby's did need care they'd have to look to Pennywise for that. She'd have no idea how to care for them. Sighing in taking up her first slice of pancake. Humming on the soft pillow pancake bite covered in gooey syrup. Sipping at her cold bottle of orange juice to help wash it down. Looking down through the bottle she saw her extended stomach. Putting her fork into another piece of pancake while looking over herself. "already looks like I am 3 months pregnant." groaning at what usually comes along with a 3 month pregnancy, the cravings alongside nasty morning sickness. Praying she wouldn't have to go through those steps.

Hours passed by having Beverly board to death down below. Finishing off all her breakfast including the two juices a while ago. Left in the literal dark with nothing to do. "should have brought my phone." boredly switching her mini light off and on as her only entertainment. Flicking the light on catching the reflection of eyes coming through the entrance. Shining her light low onto the legs of the approaching spider. Spreading a bunch of threading between its most front arms.

"I can move you now up to the new nest." keeping his voice gentle still. Ready to leave the place of darkness she gladly stood to accept being picked up. Wrapped gently in the thread to be carried close to his chest. On the way she had a sense of deja-vu in the tunnels. Recognizing the more concrete based tunnels she once had to navigate. Finding out soon enough where they were going when he crawled up the wells drop. Coming out the top to the Neibolt houses basement covered in thick webbing. A smidge of afternoon light peeking past the silver threads covering the window.

He set her down by the stairs that were much less rickety than the last time she saw them. Giving him a confused look as the threading was removed from her. "go check up stairs." waving a hand in a gesture to go on. "I'll be right back after fetching you food." crawling back down the well. Beverly turned from the well to the top of the stairs. A pristine door closed at the top of the steps.

Cautiously walking up the steps in fear they may still break. Turning the silver door knob sounding a small click. Spotting right off the bat the drastic changes he had done to the place. It all looked brand new filled by fresh intricate carved furniture. Walking through the rooms to marvel at the changes done to every detail. Reaching the kitchen filled by shiny new utensils ready to use. Testing the sparkling kitchen stove to see if it was real or not. Clicking a flame to life to shut it off right after. Testing the faucet next it poured a clean spout of water. It surprised her that everything worked and wasn't just a false image for normality's sake.

Moving to the upstairs to check out the other rooms. Two of them she assumed were guest rooms in the olden days of the house. Staying empty as guests weren't expected or wanted to be coming over. The last bedroom, being the master bedroom, extravagantly decorated in finely carved furniture. Small blue Christmas lights criss-crossing over the room. A massive bed surrounded by a canopy hanging down to block the sun from reaching late sleepers. The delicate stitching that made the bedding set a smaller version of his larger crossing webs.

"no wonder it took him so long." accidentally bumping a foot into something she looked down. Spotting one of her bags edging out under the bed near the other further back. She pulled them both out far too easy on a lack of weight. Popping them open to find all her

stuff missing. Shutting the cases closed in frustration that her bags were disturbed. Attention turned to a nearby dresser she went over to check the inside. Each drawer filled by her neatly folded clothes sorted from top to bottom. He was certainly expecting her to live here.

"comfortable?" she jumped at his voice. not expecting him to be standing in the doorway. Turning around in time to see him recoil at her fear of him. Ignoring his question to study his odd new behaviors toward her. He stood still shorty before setting a fresh bag of food down on a small counter. Intending to leave if it weren't for her stopping him.

"wait a minute." stopping him right as he stepped out into the hall. "are you expecting me to live here?" asking her first question off the pile she gathered. She had a lot of time to think down in that dark room.

Not turning to face her he answered "would you like someplace else to nest?" Sounding how a kid would when caught doing something wrong.

"no, but how long do you expect me to stay?"

" I am unsure. ..."

"unsure? What do you mean? Do you plan to keep me here after the pregnancy? How long is the pregnancy?"

" I do not know how long the pregnancy is."

"you don't know that either? What do you know about it? Am I even pregnant? Do you know that?"

"yes." answering the last confidently. "I never had a mate to create life. Only myself, until now, to create eggs that held life."

"you've had eggs before? By yourself?!" shocked to learn there could have been more monsters born in the past.

"yes, many times, but I cannot care for them. They die if i leave them alone which I must do to care for myself. Not a single egg had been

able to hatch due to not enough feedings delivered. Each time I leave they get behind on the feedings. I can catch food every day, but it's never enough between the two of us. I need another to hold them who's body can give steady care without spending extra energy. Your body can provide what they need far better than my synthetic attempts to fill in.

I don't know when your pregnancy will end. I can't even get a clutch strong enough to grow. They shrivel up-" chest tensing cutting off his voice. One deep breath later allowing him to continue. " then they rot away ... my only guess is a few months, but I cannot be sure."

Beverly gained relief at hearing no eggs anywhere else have hatched. At the same time a twinge of pity rising in her chest. Hearing pain in his voice at the whole subject. "how long has he been trying and failing? Eventually the constant failure would get to anyone." considering why he turned to her. "was I picked out of desperation? If that's true I should use this to mine, and the rest of Derrys, advantage."

moving on to tell him sternly her rule during this pregnancy. "listen carefully clown. My lungs are better, but I am still not afraid to die. That includes killing myself to make sure these parasites don't live if you don't act right." aware she had fully caught his attention now. " you can't eat anymore kids! If I so much as suspect your hiding a child's death I won't hesitate!" aggressively setting her boundary.

"I understand, don't worry." obediently agreeing on her term. " ... are you comfortable?" repeating his earlier question.

"yes" rubbing her head of a developing migraine. Wanting to eat then head to bed for the rest of the day. Following his exit from her presence she grabbed the lunch he brought her. Closing the beds canopy to form something to further separate her from him. Rushing her eating of the stuffed omelet to get it over with rather than enjoying the meal. Curling up deep under the covers to create another barrier of separation. Laying in bed her eyes wandered around to end up staring at her stomach. Fearing that her belly would start moving at any moment. Disgusted by the parasites she had to carry that seemed unworthy of life. The young of Pennywise didn't deserve life if it meant being leeches off someone else. Her thoughts

fueled by anger dying down to soften over the eggs.

"I guess it's not your fault one of your parents is a monster." mumbling down to her stomach. "he doesn't have any idea what he's doing. May as well have a single parent status for me while handling this. This isn't what I wanted when I thought about having kids. It's already vastly different from what every mommy blog says." looking back on the time she thought of enjoying the weight of being pregnant. A silly thing to enjoy that would turn into a thorn during late pregnancy. Here in her special situation she had no weight to her stomach. "no frequent trips to the bathroom, that I'll gratefully accept on passing." no weight meant no pressure on the bladder. There was still time for all of that to change in the upcoming months. Pushing thoughts of worry far off so that she may drift to sleep.

Waking in the cold night after a few hours of sleep to the feeling of being watched. As soon as her anxiety spiked under it the sensation left. Whoever was watching her had ceased their actions once discovered. Sitting up at a knock on the door disturbing her secluded peace. "gee, wonder who that could be." coming out from under the covers to open the canopy.

"yes?" answering the knocking. staying in bed as Pennywise entered holding another fresh bagged meal. Approaching her as if she was a frightened deer ready to flee. Setting the bag down then heading right back out of the room. Waiting a moment after he left to stretch her remaining sleep away. Checking the bag while letting out a yawn. Of course it was another food tray filled to the brim. Inside was a hot meal of steak sided by mashed potatoes and asparagus. without taking a single bite she Repacked it away into the bag. Not in the mood for such a heavy meal right now. She wanted a hot chicken soup that had long swirling noodles covered in various vegetables.

Checking her windows for some sense of time she saw the starry night sky. "shit, all the stores are probably closed by now. Lets see if the clown restocked the kitchen full of food." carrying the food bag downstairs to drop it off in the fridge. The back of her skull sensing the spying again when she reached the last stair step down. Pennywise greeting her as soon as she stepped into the kitchen to check on her.

Spotting the rejected food bag being brought back down. "do you not like it?" asking about it. "I can get you something else." offering right away to please her in anyway he could.

She set the bag on the counter shaking her head no. "I want to make something here." opening the fridge surprising her on the lack of shelving. Instead Opening up to a whole walk in fridge area containing every fresh market ingredients. Closing that door to open the freezer side to check for the same. That door opening as well to a walk in freezer filled wall to wall in fresh farm cuts. Seafood filling a couple aisle of their own in the large butcher room.

Curious of why she wanted to make something he stepped closer from the kitchen corner to talk further. "why make something? I can go get it." offering a second time.

" I find it fun to cook a hot meal. When I was sick, I couldn't do it anymore unless it involved throwing a frozen meal into the microwave." Returning back to the large walk in fridge half for ingredients. Followed closely by him down the cold aisles surrounded by fresh produce. Watching her grab a hand full of things along the way.

"i can carry those for you."

"no, I am fine." grabbing a few more things before leaving to drop everything off at the kitchen counter. Heading into the freezer to snag a bowl of shrimp. Guessing off the fridge and freezer that the pantry would be just as marvelous, and she was right. A mini market of all sorts of things being boxed, canned, and packaged. Grabbing a bag of thick noodles to throw in her developing soup. Having everything lined up on the counter for preparation she set a pot of water to boil. grabbing a large knife to chop the vegetables in the meantime.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw him tense at the sharp object. Staring at it wide eyed as she handled the sharp blade. The closer she came to start chopping the tenser his body became. His breath coming out rather rough while continuing to watch in silent horror. Unable to work if he was going to be doing that the entire time.

"I can't do this right if you're going to stand there and stare." reading his expression change from tenseness to nervous fidgeting. Glancing around quickly to then land back on her as the knife started to cut through vegetables. Stopping her again from doing the task she barely started. "go somewhere else if you can't stop." shooping him away.

Unable to think up a new suggestion to get her away from the sharp object he relented. Leaving the kitchen to enter the connecting hallway out of sight. Enjoying the lack of being watched she chopped into the vegetables in clean even cuts. Coming to a stop halfway due to a certain clown staring from around the doorway.

"go!" snapping at him scaring him back out of view. Her glare burning at the last spot he was peering around. Waiting for him to try peeking around the corner on a second attempt to watch. Attention turned back down to the vegetables. This time she wasn't able to get a single cut before being secretly spied on. She couldn't see him, but always felt that tingling in the back of her skull. Tapping the knife on the counter impatiently for him to stop, but he didn't. "would you like to cut?" asking the empty room she was sure he was listening into.

Taking no time to reappear by her side to give his answer. "yes." taking the knife away from her the moment she offered it. Handing over the knife she moved on to add the packaged noodles to the soup. Mixing various seasoning to let dissolve in the boiling water. The start of a fulfilling broth coming together by the added chopped vegetables. Stuck waiting for things to cook filling the room in awkward silence. The clown hanging around to keep doing his guarded watching.

Hating how they both stood in the festering awkwardness she sought out more answers from him. "do you know how many eggs there are?"

"20." his answer given instantly. Beverly secretly relieved that it wasn't more toward the hundreds like she thought.

moving on she wanted to question his motives next. Why was he so desperate for children? Did he truly want to expand his lineage? It wouldn't surprise her if he wanted them to reach a goal to fulfill his

pride. He boasted so much about being a destructive being except for this one thing in his existence. His goal on its way to completion what would he do afterwards?

"why do you even want kids?"

"why would I not?"

"you're not exactly someone boosting the process of creation. Always laughing over how easy it was to end things. You also loved talking about how horrible humans were. That we aren't a species meant to last, yet here we both are. You're breaking those two things you obsess over when taunting the people you torture."

he stood there in silence twitches happening now and again as if searching for the proper answer hidden in front of him. "its natural that all creatures want to reproduce. Its different to want your prey to fail vs wanting yourself to continue on in some way." explaining himself the best he could.

"mm." skeptical that, that is how he truly felt about it. It took him way too long to come up with that answer there must be more to it. Something that he didn't want her to know about. Growing a deeper curiosity to her surrounding the mystery of him desperately wanting children. "why do you need to continue on something? Are you dying?"

"no." shooting her an offended glare over his shoulder. The one time, since he watched so tensely, to look at her fully. Turning back to stare at anything else in the room away from her.

"growing old then?" receiving another offended glare.

"I do not suffer such crippling things." hissing out his building frustration.

"you can't be losing any time to have children then. You've been trying for a long time, right? Why, when you aren't losing any time yourself? There's always going to be another day for another try." walking over to turn off the stove.

"... its not important." catching glimpses of her over his shoulder as

she finished up the soup. Throwing the last final touch in a splash of soy sauce to mix in. swirling the whole thing using her hand to shift the bowl around slowly.

"sure seems important. You've been trying a long time clown to the point you're desperate enough to make a deal. The last time you offered a deal you were cornered. Why are you cornered now when your time isn't running out like mine was? Is this a timed goal to reach to fuel more of your egotistical pride?"

bearing his teeth he whipped around to roar at her. **"NO!"** unintentionally startling her by his aggressive reaction. Beverly stumbled back hand rustling the bowl of hot soup into spilling over. Clumsily setting the bowl down to rush her burning hand under the faucet. Right as he recognized she was hurt his sharp teeth receded back. Speedily appearing by her side to inspect the injury when she did. An angry red mark covering most her hand, but no blisters forming.

"I can fix it." about ready to take her hand until she yanked it away from his reach.

"don't touch it! It's not that bad. I just need some ointment and a bandage." holding her injured hand close to her chest.

"you don't need any of that I can fix it here, right now." holding his hand out in waiting for hers.

"I don't want you touching me. I can fix it fine from a first aid kit." leaving him to go search the cupboards for one.

"i can fixxxx it." frustration filling his tone. "fiiiix?" annoyed his offer was being ignored. Beverly also having her nerves grated on.

"aiiid kiiit." rejecting his offer. Mimicking his frustrated tone to annoying him further. The clown grumbling as he pointed to a particular cabinet. Opening the suggested cabinet she found the kit. Searching through it to grab a small tube of burn ointment to apply then wrapping it up in a soft gauze. Rolling her eyes at the clown complaining as she applied the wrap.

"why wait to let it heal so slowly? What if you develop an infection?"

"that won't happen."

"are you suuure? If it happens, wouldn't you need to rip off your arm? Don't you need more care for burns?" she would usually take this as a jab against her to get a rise of fear. This time it sounded like it came from a place of concern.

"heh, no. it won't happen and if it did I could go to the hospital for antibiotics."

"or I can fix it." he mumbled.

"you're not touching my hand." ending the conversation after picking up her soup to head upstairs. Enjoying her warm homemade dinner to then settle back in bed for a full night's sleep. Instead she was woken in the night by a shifting of her hand.

Opening her tired eyes to see what was happening they went wide in anger at seeing him. Catching the clown off guard while mid unwrapping her bandaged hand. laying over the beds edging enough to reach her as the rest hid low. She yanked her hand back from him to hide it underneath her chest. Arms crossed in sitting her chest up to stare dagger eyes down to him.

"what the fuck are you doing?!" pissed off her sleep was disturbed for the second time by his doing. He shrunk back at being caught, but unable to flee now he hid almost entirely below the beds edge. Gloved hands gripping the edge with his hair sticking out above the line. Refusing to reveal more of himself to face off under her furious gaze.

had to upload a chap on Friday the 13th.

HorrorFan13

thank you. =]

klo

thank you. =]

KyloRen'sgirl213

i will, thank you. :3

foxyloxy7

glad you like it. :3

3. Rope walker

"I wanted to see." he spoke barely above a whisper.

"I told you I don't want you touching me!"

"you're injured, I wanted to be sure-" interrupted by Beverly shouting.

"you barging in here while I am sleeping is definitely not helping me heal! Get out of here and don't come into this room unless I say so!"

"but your hand. I can *feel* the infection!" stressing as he came back above the bed edge to stare toward her injured hand. Locking onto it as if it were the most important thing.

"there's no infection. There's not even a blister forming. Its a red splotch that will be gone either today or sometime tomorrow."

"what if its not?" speaking his words so quick they merged.

"then you can help me gnaw off my arm." holding in a laugh at his alarmed expression.

taking her joke far too seriously. "we don't need to do that! I can fix it!" laying half way on the bed on his chest with hand held out for hers.

"it's fine!" keeping her hand hidden, but how long can she keep this going? He was hell bent on fixing the red mark on her hand. "look, let me rest tonight. If it hasn't improved tomorrow, I'll let you fix it then."

"its infected, I have to fix it now!" stressing more about her hand.

"that's not even how infections work! They take weeks to form! That's if the wound is actually open, which mine is not!" taking time to get up so she can re-wrap her hand out of his reach. Heading downstairs to reapply the burn ointment as well.

"what are you doing?!" following behind her the entire way.

"chopping off my arm so I can sleep." mumbling mostly to herself in a whisper she didn't expect him to hear, but he did and she regretted saying it.

"WHAT?! You don't-

"it was a joke!" calming him down. "I need to apply more ointment before I re-wrap this. Since **you** messed up the bandage." fetching the ointment out of the kitchen aid kit.

"stay down here." her hand fixed back up she went back to bed. The clown obeying her order had stayed down stairs instead of following. That didn't mean he truly stopped watching her from his place. That sensation keeping her awake despite her attempts to be as comfortable as possible. Staying up the entire night until the new morning came. Shining a bright golden glow across the bedroom.

Sighing out her exhaustion she rose from the bed to fetch something that would wake her. Heading to the kitchen where she started up a batch of fresh coffee. The clown appearing to intently stare at her hand for its reveal.

"it's gotten better." lying in the hopes he would drop it.

"you haven't even check yet."

"I know it's fine."

"what if you're wrong?"

"what if **you're** wrong?" ignoring his gaze by watching the coffee pot slowly fill. Deciding that bringing up last nights conversation would be better than silent staring. " why did you choose to have children with me? Wouldn't you rather be with someone of your own kind?"

"no one else is available."

"the dating scene is really that closed for you?"

"no, I am the only one. There are no others."

"no one at all? Did something happen to them?"

"I am the only one." he repeated. "I was made to be the only one."

"made by who? For what?"

"*the other*, to devour the dying energy of the universe. Everything decays, but cannot destroy itself fast enough to be rebuilt into something else. I go across the universe to speed things along."

Beverly thought on how that sounded similar to vultures. Devouring the dead to slow the spread of disease. Seems he was diverting from his job if that were true. "why do you haunt Derry then? Your job is across the whole universe, but you stay here?"

"I carry out my job when I leave. Here is a place of rest from that."

"mhmm." humming as she grabbed a coffee cup from the cabinet. "if you were the only one made and you can't make kids on your own. Don't you think that's a sign you're not suppose to have any?"

"but I have. Its working." glancing down at her stomach.

"what if *the other* steps in to stop this?" pouring her coffee as he fidgeted uncomfortably at the thought.

"it would have happened by now." settling on that as the answer.

"mm." sipping her coffee while her thoughts turned to fixing up a breakfast. A bacon egg bowl coming to mind since not having it for ages. Leaving her coffee behind to fetch the cooking ingredients.

"what are you doing?" his ever looming presence turning into an annoyance.

"making breakfast." grabbing a pack of bacon to help balance the next item, a carton of eggs.

"I can get it for you."

"I am very aware of that, but I don't want you to."

"why not?"

"let me put it this way, I don't want you near me at all." glaring toward him from over her shoulder. Turning forward to grab more things on her way out.

Setting up the ingredients on the counter to shortly set up the base using bacon and eggs in a muffin pan. At taking hold of a knife she was amused by his body tensing up at the sight. Furthering his anxiety by swaying the knife above what she was going to cut. Pointing toward him rising a flinch out of him.

"afraid you'll be stabbed again?" teasing him about the time in the Neibolt house she stabbed him using an iron rod.

Gritting his sharp teeth he growled. "no." staring at the sharp object in her hand.

"don't trust me to cut things?" by how his gaze looked around the room she assumed that was the truth. "I haven't lost any fingers so far." chopping into a couple bell peppers driving the clown to turn tenser. The whole time she cautiously chopped under his irritating gaze. Needing to overcome the sensation eventually if she was to live here. Scattering the chopped peppers into her mini breakfast bowls. Topping it off with cheese before throwing into the oven.

Chugging down her remaining coffee in one long drink. Her restless night catching up to her so quickly in the early morning. Another cup being shortly followed by the third without even a dent to her fatigue. Hoping when the breakfast bowls were finished, that eating would wake her. No such luck after finishing them alongside another cup of coffee.

"I am heading back to bed. **Don't** come in!" ordering the clown on her way back to the room.

Laying in bed she suffered under his spying watch. He never gave it a break on seeing what she was doing. She wasn't even able to do anything about it either despite telling him multiple times to go away. Although his physical side left her presence the invisible guarding did not. Considering other ways to escape for a bit of peace to sleep a full night.

"I could move back where he cant follow." thinking back on her old place out of the state. "then the tugging feeling would replace the spying. Could be better or worse to feel so far away. Should I give it a try?" amusing herself of how that plan would go. Would the clown try to stop her? Would the plane suddenly break down before it could drive away from the gate?

"would I even make it that far?" hilarious imagery of the clown blocking her way into a taxi coming to mind. "guess we'll see." thinking over how to leave the clowns gaze.

Three days later had Beverley suffering from sleepless cabin fever. Hating that she was stuck in the house all day with **him** eternally watching her. The never ending feeling keeping her awake for so long. Driving her slowly insane like nails on a chalkboard sounding at every moment.

He never said she couldn't go outside, but she assumed he would want it that way. In this moment she no longer cared if it would start a brawl. Swinging on her coat to rush outside anywhere but here. Heading out toward the town center to aimlessly wander. A deep breath of fresh air sucked into her lungs feeling inadequate. Walking listlessly past the people wandering out on their daily chores.

Walking past the center park she saw the local children playing baseball. Striking an idea in her mind to check the boards in town. May as well give herself a goal while wandering. To look for any missing posters marking the devouring of children. Halfway through her checks the feeling of being watched burned at the back of her skull. Anger growing at Pennywise watching her walk around. Watching her being the whole reason she fled the house and now he was watching her outside. Unable to get away from his spying eyes driving her to reacquiring thoughts of running away.

Flee someplace far where his presence could not reach her. "Hiding in the woods is one option." staring far out toward the horizon of trees. At this point she would even join the traveling fair to get away. "join the circus to escape a clown. How perfect." chuckling along her route. "my house is still open for me to return any day." deja vu of these thoughts cycling through. thinking back how these few days felt like months. Snapping some false ideas of her house being long gone. For

a brief moment she thought her house was actually gone. These thoughts alarmed her. A few days and she assumed her house was already long gone, why? How could she let that happen?

"what else am I forgetting?" thinking of a particular somebody messing with her mind. Preventing her from attempting to flee Derry far away. Stepping down a brick alley to look over the long boards of announcements.

the billboards filled by multi colored fliers of all sorts. None being of missing children, she was happy to see. Most were job offerings or ads for the fair running in town for the summer. The further she got into her rounds of poster checking the spying increased. Building a physical migraine in her exhausted skull. Her mind was convinced she had to run from this pain. Speeding up to go anywhere she could reach to hideaway. Part of her saying it was useless while the other urged her on to run.

Running far from the town center up to the large crossing bridge over the canal. Stopping to lean against the railing out of breath. Rage rushing through her when he appeared to calm her down.

Snapping at him when he appeared before her. "what?!" speed walking to get away leaving him no chance to speak. Annoyed by his steps hurrying to catch up behind her.

"I haven't eaten any children." anxiously blurting out behind her.

"mm." humming to acknowledge that she heard him. Hoping it would make him go away faster.

"I swear I haven't." continuing to defend himself. Being ignored by Beverly rushing further off. "will you come back to the nest?"

"go away!" aggressively facing him to shoo him off. Turning back down her random path of escape.

"Beverly please- " taking a hold of one of her hands to stop her.

"DON'T TOUCH ME!" roaring at him. Fury doused by how he looked so hopeless. Ready to crumble apart from the anxiety he was drowning in. an image she had never before seen on him. "what is

it?!" asking more calmly through grit teeth.

"please, I haven't eaten any children. Please, come back to the nest." begging her desperately. "I'll do anything else you want. Is the nest not good? I can make another one. I'll stay in the house all day if you don't want me to leave." a creature once so confident in what she thought standing before her in a panic.

Of how many times he mentioned it. "he must think I am off to kill myself." she did say if she was a little suspicious she would do it. Running out of the house to check the many boards had thrown him into a panic.

"I am not out here to die. I came out for the fresh air." draining the anger from her voice. "I can feel you watching me all the time. Did you know that? I can't sleep because of it and if this keeps happening I won't last long." beginning to talk things out rather than running off from her problems.

"I know you don't like it. I try not to, but I don't want to miss your call for me. If you need anything ... something goes wrong ... I want to be there. I've never had them develop this far before."

she had to give him credit for how doting he was. She never had to call him more than once for anything. The one time he was remotely aggressive was back when she pushed his buttons. Every other time he may as well have been a soft push over. How he changed never fully filled her mind on why. It would flash in her thoughts how submissive he was. Questions of why he appeared tense in certain moments brushed off. Assuming it to be an awkward presence to keep things civil between them.

"I don't need you looming over every time I sneeze. I can feel if something is wrong and I'll tell you about it." calming herself down to avoid snapping.

"how do you know? What if it takes too long to feel it? What if you get sick with no way to treat it?" how he was acting reminded her of Eddie. Including them both developing a tightened wheeze in their fast pessimist talks of "what ifs" going wrong. "if the sickness kills them before birth? After the birth would they survive? Do I need to

feed you more to make them stronger?" his fearful ranting continuing on. A twinge of guilt filling her chest at the thought of how scared he was when she checked the boards. Turning into a mess of nerves over how she judged the lack of missing children posters.

Come to think of it, there wasn't a single missing poster of any adults either. "he hasn't eaten at all? Is he really that broken down under nerves?"

Realizing he was as anxious, if not more, as her as a new parent who had no idea what to expect. Their special situation allowing no outside help as no one had experience in this. like he said, "I am the only one" without parents of his own to ask questions about the process. It was a grand mystery of what was around the corner for him aside from Beverly guessing off human pregnancy. Trying so long to create this new life, for the first time ever, finally working. Relying entirely on a thin life-line he always saw as so easy to break. Freaking out that she was handling sharp objects that could kill her in one slash.

Beverly herself was a desperate grasp of straws for something after so many failures. Her being the single human strong enough to handle a giant spider. Everyone else would die of a heart attack if a giant insect requested them to carry eggs. designating her, if this worked, to be his lone way in the entire universe to allow creation. It was no wonder why he was a wreck constantly guarding her situation. Why he wanted everything to go perfect for them to survive. If she were to die he'd be out of options.

Alone as the one and only him in the universe was a depressing existence. Wanting to connect with others, but who? No one was anything like him as this destructive devouring being. Neither did it seem something similar was going to be created. Banking on himself to grasp at an opposite nature to fill in this emptiness. Except it never worked and although his time wasn't running out his hopes of succeeding were.

She waved her hand in front of him. Breaking the clown from his panic attack ramblings to pay attention. "I don't want to return to the house yet, but you can walk with me." holding out her hand for him to take. Taking it into his own so gently to walk alongside her. The

unending invisible stare boring into her skull relieved its pressure in a single wave. Allowing her a true breath of fresh air to be taken in, however it wouldn't last long without another talk to keep it going.

"if I let you stay in the bedroom by me, will you stop watching so intently?" looking up to him through tired eyes, seeing him nod. the lack of sleep caught up to her off hearing that answer. Ready to head back to the house, but far too tired to move another step. 3 days on barely any rest having her almost collapse if it weren't for Pennywise holding her up.

"want to go back to the nest?" holding her gently around the arms. When she nodded he asked next. "want me to carry you?" another nod and she was carefully scooped up into his arms. Her tired brain barely recalling how they got back to the house. Appearing in the bedroom the next instant to be set down on the comfy bed.

Keeping her word she managed to mumble out. "you can sit on the couch." gesturing toward the furniture piece sitting at the most 5 feet away. Allowing him to come closer if he wanted, but the bed was off limits. After this day their interactions together got easier. Beverly getting full nights rests beside the guarding clown who never slept. His regular glancing was still weird, but not nearly as bad as the invisible glare.

The rest of July flashed right by into august. The new month bringing new feelings for Beverly. The cold that usually never bothered her causing her to turn sick. Cured by warm food and drinks under the covers. However that wasn't her biggest concern in the starting month.

The undeniable cravings had started.

JauneJoanArc

billions of lonely years is why. and yes, hes slowly turning into a new dad. :3

foxyloxy7

thank you, glad you like it. =]

4. Candied apples

When the cravings started she had barely noticed them. They weren't insane like she feared they would be. Lacking a craving for human flesh or something equally disgusting like wanting squirming maggots. Instead her cravings were attracted to many meats fresh and hot out of the oven. Eating pounds of bacon, a whole ham, to a pile of steaks that managed to entirely fit in her stomach. Unable to go long without a hot meal before feeling like she was starving again. Amazed by how much she could get down in a few hours without becoming sick. Certain things however could make her sick off a single bite.

Body having a negative reaction if the meats were cold from the fridge. Finding that out after trying to have a ham sandwich using sliced deli meats. Experimenting with other foods showing negative reactions to anything not meat, deep fried, super sweet, or high in fat. Any liquids couldn't be cold either while suffering under a shift in body temperature. She was always so cold now and it wasn't just the change in season. Most comfortable in a hot room by any heat source she could be by. Standing by the oven turning into the best spot for her to pace around. Waiting for the fresh meal of pure meat to be done cooking.

Her favorite drink lately turned from coffee to hot chocolate. Pennywise grabbed it for her from the fair after they began selling it on the colder days. Since then it was all her stomach wanted to drink. Seeing her so cold under the few covers he made quite a pile of newer blankets. She could get lost among the huge pile on her bed now. Something oddly satisfying to how deep she could bury herself. Recently she had allowed Pennywise to come closer. Maybe the fact he gave off a lot of warmth helped convince her. Curled up while wrapped in his arms through the cold night bringing him to purr. Thinking it cute how he reacted so joyful when she allowed him so close.

It was the opposite reaction when she kicked him out of the house. She never thought she'd say it, but him starving himself wasn't good. After finding out back in July he hadn't eaten since impregnating her,

they had a talk. Anxiety not wanting him to leave her side had been stopping him from his hunts. Claiming he was fine without needing any food at the moment, however how long could he go without? After her first night of a full rest she kicked him out of the house. Refusing to allow him back until he ate someone.

He argued to stay in the house for hours, but she wasn't having it. Standing her ground she refused to eat until he did. Scaring him to flee from the house desperately for anyone to pounce for a meal. Returning 10 minutes later holding a bloody piece of clothing to show as proof he ate. Understandably she wasn't the most excited by the proof, but satisfied enough to allow him back inside. Obligated to accept a plate of food he desperately made for her like she had starved herself for days rather than 10 minutes.

Even after that she still had to kick him out every few days to feed himself. Later she found it helped if she tagged along somewhere nearby. At first he refused her coming out so far from the nest fearing her safety out and about while he was too busy to watch her condition. A compromise had to be made however if he kept refusing to hunt. The other part being it wasn't healthy for her to stay cooped up inside. The fair grounds was the agreed upon place for his hunt while she wondered for fresh air. Meeting back later to enjoy the place like they were on a date. He always got her treats from the various carts serving across the fair. Showering her in caramel apples when he found out they were her favorite to eat.

Being cold all the time he made sure the caramel apples were freshly coated. Still steaming when they got to her hands to eat. During this time she learned his favorite snack was popcorn. Showing him later at home how to make microwave popcorn. Amazing him like she was some magical god giving him a gift. She may as well have already been some gracious god with what she was about to deliver in the future. The cravings marking the fast upcoming approach of the birth.

Cravings in normal pregnancy hit at the 3 month mark. Their development was hitting that in under a month. At this pace they would be fully formed in another month or two. Discussions of what to do on that day had to be made. Hospitals were out of the question of giving birth at. When she was magically cured of her cancer they

asked her to help in science. Since refusing the offer she was sure they were waiting for her to change her mind. Ready to swarm her if she stepped a single foot on their grounds. Pennywise has definitely confirmed they were coming out as eggs. Giving birth to eggs would be another mystery for the doctors to dissect.

Deep down Beverly was fighting her regrets of accepting the deal. Fearing what would happen on the big day as she would rely entirely on Pennywise to handle things. No pain meds to make it bearable for her. Medications to help fight off diseases would also not be available. It may not happen as the eggs weren't exactly attached to her, but what if she did bleed out? Would he bother to save her? Did he care at all for her? Wanting to keep her alive simply as a baby factory. The other side of the coin was what if everything went perfectly well. She lived past the birth, the eggs living up to their hatching date.

They would be her responsibility of unleashing upon the world. Heart aching at the thought of unleashing this plague. Should she go through with it?

"There's still time to stop this." the thought hooking into her repeatedly. Pennywise knew about these thoughts after calming down enough from his own anxiety. Working on Beverly's next to keep her on the same page. He never threatened to return her illness if she went back on her word. Neither confronted her on her borderline suicidal thoughts to prevent the eggs from developing. Preferring to bring her gifts as a form of bribery followed by sweet words that it wouldn't be so bad.

They didn't have her feel any better about the subject thinking about how her friends would react. They'd all feel so betrayed knowing she released more *ITs* into the world. Killing them after they were birthed would be harder to do. Unknowing how the afterwards would even be for all of them. Maybe the clown would flee someplace to hide the eggs from her. It was easy for him to claim everything would be peachy on bringing cosmic world eaters into the universe. They would act like him and that was what she didn't want.

"Bev?" hearing him gently speak her name.

Thought process disrupting itself. "wants to stop me from thinking about it." dully looking toward him for what he wanted.

"would you like to go to the diner?" his voice soft when asking.

" ... lets go." fetching her coat to head out with him.

Hanging out together in public had become the norm. strangely he was there, but not at the same time. People would move out of his way or in the case of involving a waiter they would ask what he wanted. The fact he was a Gothic Victorian clown going completely unnoticed by the public eye. Paying no mind to him when walking down the street. Entering the diner they would lounge in a back booth by the kitchen entrance. The warmest spot in the entire place for Beverly to relax in.

sending the waiter off with a two page long special order. A burger containing triple the meat, triple the bacon, triple the cheese, no onions, no lettuce, no tomatoes and ketchup replaced by red gravy. Pennywise asking for the exact same thing with the plan of giving it right to her. Blocking Beverly from strange looks of ordering two for herself. For the sides a small basket of boneless wings. A second basket requested by him as well. Coupled by cups of fresh hot chocolate out of a special brewer. When left alone together she slouched in the chair to try and relax.

"are you anxious?" he asked. She didn't answer, what was the point? He already knew the answer and there was nothing he could do about it. "it'll be fine." his reassuring words falling flat.

"you don't know that." what she said had him go quiet, Because he truly didn't have any idea how it would go. A pile of what could go wrong filling her mind. Them surviving at all being a major one, but then again if it were truly that bad wouldn't they be stopped? He talked about *the other* as someone all seeing over both creation and destruction. If they did not want *IT* creating a plague of parasites they would have stepped in by now.

Reading her thoughts he nervously shrunk in his chair. Disliking when ever she thought of the subject surrounding *the other*. Acting like they would appear through the clouds in the sky to vaporize

them both for daring to do what was happening.

"*the other* would've came by now." her teasing of him receiving a mortified look of daring to mention them out loud in anyway. "are you scared of them?" teasing further. The clown hated being told he was afraid of anything, however would he admit it under *the others* gaze?

"it would be smart not to tempt a being in charge of creation. In this most fragile of times involving it." avoiding the question.

"that's a yes." filling in for him. Snickering at his grumpy glare that cleared when she smiled for the first time that day. Both turning toward the food arriving to their table. Beverly's two burgers dripping from the addition of hot gravy. She honestly wasn't the biggest fan of adding gravy, but ketchup didn't agree with her stomach like all the other veggies. The burgers being far too dry to eat otherwise without some moist condiment to soak the bun a bit. Wrapping one up carefully in layers of napkins to keep from making a mess.

"the fair will be ending soon." he brought up another problem they were about to face. The fair disappearing ruining their schedule of him hunting and her outings.

"we could move the outings to the town center. At least till the next fair in October for Halloween." dipping her burger into the gravy leaking onto the plate. Her future due date making those plans useless if she was correct. This pregnancy would *maybe* make it through September, but not October. Stress building over the day of birth again. Attracting the clowns attention toward her chest tightening under stress.

Nuzzling his face up against her to bring her down. Resting his chin on her shoulder when she began petting his head. Smoothed down hair standing back on each passing of her hand. A smile twitching on her face when he purred under the treatment. The purring oddly soothing for the both of them when trying to relax. As if it washed away the tenseness they didn't know they had been holding. Possibly the reason she didn't mind his closer contact like the nuzzling just now. Eating her food on less of a tensed stomach helping it go down

quicker.

When she finished off the large meal they went off to the fair. Drinking a to go of hot chocolate in a covered Styrofoam cup. Pennywise snagged her a hot caramel apple immediately after entering. People running the carts never stopped him from grabbing anything. Either due to lack of attention drawn onto him or because they assumed he worked there and got free employee eats. Gazing down at her reflection in the shiny layer of caramel she couldn't help but think it another bribe. It wasn't an act of kindness from him out of love.

"if I was dying during the birth, would you bother saving me?" outright asking him.

"of course I would." confidently smiling like always.

"why?" the time he took to come up with an answer speaking for itself.

"you're my mate."

"and that's because of why? The deal." hollowed that she didn't truly matter.

"yes." huffing at the dislike of how she took it. " but that doesn't matter. I will care for, protect, and provide for you."

"until you get the eggs or your hibernation starts." waving off what he said.

"**no!**" growling her disbelief in him. "I will stay from my sleep as long as I need to. I will make sure my young are raised healthily by me and you." puffing out his chest defiantly. "I won't let my mate, the mother of our children, suffer. You are precious to me more than anything else in the many universes."

"because so far I am the only one in the universes that can give you eggs. If you could make them yourself it wouldn't matter. Would it?" taking a small bite from the sweet apple.

"yes." admitting the truth. "but that's not where we are. We have

coupled successfully and need a bond to stay strong as parents."

"what if I don't want a bond?" glaring from the apple to him. Regretting her words upon seeing his hurt reaction of being rejected in this relationship. She thought it wouldn't be so important to him to keep this relationship going on the long term. In the back of her mind she was ready to flee once free from this whole ordeal. Leave nature to run its course with him and the *things* after hatching. Return to her normal life in another state far across the land mass if she could.

"I won't force you to stay, but if I can prove my devotion will you stay?"

taking another bite of apple. "no promises." How could he even prove it to her? Bring her more gifts like he's been doing so far? After being so long in Derry she may as well stay. this months house bills weren't paid back home. the bank was sure to send letters demanding bills to be paid. 2 more months of no cash would get her old place repossessed.

Finding a job working at home wouldn't be too hard for her. Starting a new life in Derry wouldn't be too hard either. There were tons of apartment openings for the taking. The availability growing by the day thanks to Pennywise. Quarter of the way through her pregnancy and she was already planning her getaway.

The clown left her side when these thoughts came to her mind. Heading off to eat next or to possibly avoid her depressing thoughts burning into his mind. In the meantime she finishing the last of her food while playing a few games. Winning a plushy tiger from the softball target game she was really good at. Fetching another hot cup of chocolate to stand the cold air moving across the fair.

"oh, how did my life end up here? Having kids with a "man" then planning to run away as soon as they're born." swirling the hot chocolate cup in hand. "no time to sulk about it. Keep planning as much as I can until the big day." distancing herself as far as possible despite that Pennywise wanted them to form a bond. Glimpsing silver fabric out of the corner of her eye marking his return.

Holding something out to her. "ready to go?" a large, almost platter

sized, plate of freshly made funnel cake covered in whipped cream piled over strawberry slices.

"mhhh." humming when handed a plate of hot food. Tearing off a piece for him to take on their walk back home. The large plate finished before they made it half way back. Making it back home she started on cooking steaks for lunch. Heating the whole house using the oven to make the place more comfortable. Leaving the chopping of anything to Pennywise for him to not have a panic attack.

Beverly had been eating so much today, but it felt more like snacking. On each passing day her hunger grew to wanting more meals bigger than the last. "some moms eat for two while I eat for 21." joking in thought over the many pans of stakes cooking together. Mixing a meat juice BBQ sauce on the side for another pan Pennywise was preparing for ribs.

"do you want bacon wrapped around your pork ribs?" trying to get as much meat as he could into her meals for her.

"sure." hearing him chopping into separating the ribs from one another. How he knew how to cook caught her interest a while ago enough to ask about it. how he knew so much about certain things like marinating meat. Apparently he had gathered his knowledge off of books that were thrown out. He worked best when it came to holiday feasts from all the magazines that washed down. He made her a whole marinated overnight turkey once that had meat falling off the bone it was so tender. Thinking about it had her wanting more of it alongside a gravy boat.

"I think I want that turkey again for tomorrow."

"with gravy?" he smiled with her smiling back in confirmation. He knew her well on what she wanted. "want to try a honey ham for another meal?" throwing out more meal plans.

It was pretty much all they discussed for the rest of the day. Beverly either keeping the oven cooking or eating the meals they made together. Reading books on the kitchen table scooted as close to the oven as possible. Finishing her last bowl of bacon mixed mac and cheese dinner to get ready for bed.

"I'll be taking a shower." to let him know she'll be a little late when joining him to bed.

"I won't be there, I have to do something first." notifying her another change of plans.

"oh? You going out to eat again?" curious that he fought his anxiety enough to leave her alone.

"no, I'll be here still. You'll see what it is later." her curiosity deepening of that, but she didn't question further. Heading up stairs to shower while he stayed downstairs to do what he wanted.

Her sleep this time wasn't as comfortable as usual. Missing the extra warmth Pennywise gave to also missing his comforting purr. Her deep sleep of state not coming on yet when she was bothered. Layered covers shifted to allow a cold breeze into her warm sanctuary.

"Beverly." the clown lightly shook her awake.

Groggily answering from under the sheets. "what?"

"come look."

grumbling she lifted the multiple layers to see a bright circle of light. Wide eyed in fear she turned away in assuming it was his dead lights. Calming herself at seeing the light a blue glow unlike his orange tinted lights. Shakily turning back to look to the floating bluish orb in his palm. A fluorescent light blue making up its body surrounded by a highlighted blue glow at its edges. The blue swirling in the building whites across it as certain spots grew brighter to dull back again. Swirling out into curving flames controlled in the palm of his hand.

"what is it?" staring curiously at the ball of bright blue flames.

"its a star." the answer catching her off guard. A whole star in the palm of his hand being presented to her. "it's yours." holding it out closer for her.

Reaching out to hold her palm close to it first for a test of temperature. It gave off a comforting warmth without threatening a

scalding burn. Taking the tennis ball sized star into her palm for a closer look. Watching the flames gently swirl in her hands past her fingers to disperse.

"do you like my proposal?"

"what?"

"I've seen humans do proposals using rocks on rings. I didn't want to use a dull rock, so I made something better."

Beverly figured out he meant marriage proposals. Usually girls got a diamond ring, but he made her a whole star contained in a single hand. This is what he stayed down to work on for her to see his devotion.

"I love it." admitting how she felt about the gift. Hearing that he left her alone to enjoy the proposal gift under the covers. Its warmth heating up the small space for her more than she could alone. Its blue glow a comforting thing to watch swirl across the fabrics. "maybe he does care."

after that day her bond to him grew stronger. Except it did nothing for her attachment toward the eggs. Being afraid of them was the closest description of truth to how she felt. Doing her best to ignore the growing weight of them by the time August passed into the next month. By the time September approached its end she had felt a small weight on her stomach. Her cravings of meat getting to the point of eating full on meat platters that would span across the whole kitchen table. Tempted at the thought of a whole roasted pig ready for her. Unfortunately the oven wasn't big enough to fit a whole pig in.

one night in mid September she woke to a twinge of pain in her stomach. Hissing out in trying to get up meeting failure. Her body refusing to cooperate with what she was asking of it. Panicking that her body was numb while in so much pain. What was happening to her filling her brain. Failing to also call Pennywise on her paralyzed throat.

"I am here." answering her failed calls. Despite being paralyzed she

could still feel his hands rubbing gently at her back. Was this all a dream? It seemed so surreal on how she felt things while paralyzed at the same time. "don't think about anything." he spoke clearly as possible for her to understand. "go back to sleep. Nothing is wrong." his words having her question what was going on even more.

The spikes of pain turning worse the longer she was awake. Shutting her eyes in tight winces on each rolling wave stabbing her stomach.

"don't focus on it. Don't focus on anything but sleep. I am right here to take care of everything. Go back to sleep." repeating himself the longer she fought to move. Looking around giving no clues as to what was going on. "everything's fine, go to sleep." repeating again. Her brain arguing that this massive pain was not okay. That she had to fight to the hospital or else she was going to die. Swallowing down the fear choking her chest she did as he said. Stopping her focus on the pain to sleep having the pain drift away to an enclosing blackness.

The next moment she came to was sometime in the late afternoon. Pennywise over excitedly shaking her awake. "Bev, wake up! Look, look, look! Come see! Get up and come see!" sounding how a kid would wake his parents on Christmas day. Beverly let out a groan to let him know she was up. Gesturing for him to give her a minute to gather her energy.

"shit, what happened? Did I get hit by a train?" exhausted body overly sore this morning. Barely recalling the slim moment in the night she was awake. She remembered the pain, most definitely, but nothing else. Dinner last night was normal as far as she could tell. Did she suffer some major food poisoning from all that meat?

Shifting the covers over to stiffly sit up in bed. Rubbing her blurry eyes to see what Pennywise was so excited about. Taking in her surroundings she saw him first looking down at something.

"look! Look at them!" excitedly pointing down. Following his pointing hand she saw a cocoon of bundled thread lacking a top. A breathing glow of orange light seen on its insides.

Confused mind not understanding at first. "what is-" grasping finally

what it was hitting her like a ton of bricks.

She had given birth to the eggs in the night.

spiderlings will be revealed next chap. ;3

HorrorFan13

thank you. =]

foxyloxy7

he was starving himself since he was too anxious to leave Beverly side. he was doing okay, but only because it hadn't been that long since he stopped eating. eventually it would have if Beverly hadn't stepped in to have him go eat.

eva017

thank you. :3

JauneJoanArc

thank you. :3

5. Cotton candy

Beverly sat on the bed frozen in shock. Her assumption of giving birth in the end of September proven false. It had her feeling unprepared it was happening so fast. This entire time she was drowning out Pennywise happily asking her to come look. Blankly staring at the mini cocoon holding the glowing eggs at the end of the bed. Approaching the bundle seizing her heart up in fear when looking down to the many eggs.

The eggs had an inner glow to their core that breathed a bright orange. Their appearance lacked a normal hard shell covering outside. A smooth polished gemstone quality to them all shining in the light. Various tinted colors of dark purples to greys yet still retaining a transparency. Black worms curled in the cores lightened up by the breathing glows within each. Their size similar enough to a chickens egg able to fit in the center of her hand.

"I've never had them glow before." Pennywise excitedly spoke over the eggs. The clowns good mood almost infectious. Dragging a smile out of her being happy for him, but not toward the eggs. Nervously tapping her fingers across the bed in how to form her words.

"sooooo, what now?" voice lacking any emotion.

"we wait for them to grow enough to eventually hatch." smiling at the eggs he couldn't stop fawning over.

"do you know how long?" hiding her disinterest the best she could.

Being far too invested in the eggs he hardly noticed. "nope."

her tapping fingers stopping so that she may better grasp the situation in thought. The eggs were here now and there wasn't much else to do. Compared to last night she felt lighter without the eggs. Her never ending craving for meat long gone. Wanting for the first time in months just a plain salad without a speck of meat touching it. When she stepped one foot off the bed she unintentionally grabbed Pennywise's attention.

"where are you going?" curiously asking while their newborns were right here.

"going to get food." surprised his attention turned to her at all.

"want me to come help?"

"no, I'll be tossing a salad together. No cooking or cutting for it."

"if you're sure." leaving her to go off making food on her own for the first time in months. Sounding a lot less anxious over everything going on. Beverly suffering mixed feelings on him not following her every minute. Happy she got some space, but him being around only for the eggs possibly proven true. Coming down stairs to the kitchen she started up her salad. Ripping a fresh head of lettuce for the base in a large bowl.

Thinking over the plans she had been making since back in august. First step was to get a job to save up for an apartment. Back in her old job she was the model employee until she got too sick for the simplest of tasks. Based off that she was sure to be taken back after a call. Tossing the rest of her salad together she made the quick call. Explaining that she went through heavy treatment abroad, but was now back and healthy enough for work. They happily took her back with a returning spot to her old position.

"perfect. Now I need to get a computer to work on. My savings might have enough for a basic laptop." finishing her salad quick to head out on her mini mission of separation. Taking one step out catching the clowns attention.

"heading out already?" asking from the front porch. Usually they headed out together around the afternoon, but that was back when the fair was in town. The celebrations of summer ending back in early august. Recently they had switched to the later hours of the day. Him hunting people in the darkened hours while she ate dinner in the warm diner.

"yes, I need to fetch a few things. I plan to come right back when I am done. Unless you want to come and hunt early."

"no, I'll stay home to watch the eggs until you come back." staying in the doorway to watch Beverly head off.

"alright, I won't take long." walking her way to the town center. Entering a small corner shop filled with electronics that were lacking on the newest models. Derry wasn't up to date on many things out in the world. Displeased on what was on the shelf's noticeably coated in dust. Having not been touched In who knows how long without a switch out of newer models. Picking one that seemed the *newest* out of the small selection.

"guess it doesn't really matter. As long as it works and has a writing program." buying the cheap laptop and a whole separate set up for internet. rushing back to the Neibolt house to set everything up.

"what's that?" the clown pointed to her bag of boxes.

"a computer and set up for internet. Is there a phone outlet upstairs?"

"no, but I can make one. Why need the computer?"

"I want to work again. I called my job and they took me back. Can you set it up in the guest room? Its best to keep work and sleep separate."

"of course I can." speaking confidently about the task. She acted like it was the most complex thing to do. "it will be ready by the time you reach the room."

"perfect, thank you. I'll be working for a few hours." doing as she said she would after setting everything up. Spending hours processing online forms. Signing forms of acceptance to pass future projects. Lots of boring paperwork needing to be done for the company. A warm sense of familiarity washing over her while working. Shutting down the laptop after a fulfilling days work completed. Beverly heading down for a quick dinner then head straight for bed.

Pennywise standing in the kitchen setting down a plate of fresh baked potatoes. "I made you a meal ahead of time. You can have some time with the eggs while I go hunt."

"yep ... thanks." lacking the same excitement of spending time

watching the eggs. Taking up the plate of baked potatoes covered in bacon, melted cheese, and sour cream. He left as she went upstairs to eat in bed next to the eggs. Looking over the beds end down at the shimmering clutch. Already noticing a great increase in their size doubling from when she first saw them. As large as turkey eggs in a single day had her question how big they'd get after a week.

"I don't get why he thinks you need to be watched. You're not about to wander off." talking boredly down to the eggs between bites of food. At least she hoped they weren't about to wander off. Finishing up her plate by the time Pennywise returned. Curling up together under the warm covers separating them from the cold night air.

The next morning they checked on the eggs. Pennywise still far too excited over them to notice Beverly's increasing dread. The eggs were far more massive than last night. Comparing now to emu eggs in their size.

"uh, I need to go to work." speaking so fast to rush out of bed it took Pennywise a moment to register what she said.

"don't you want breakfast?" calling to her from the bedroom.

"no" replying as she shut her office door. Hopping onto the laptop to send a quick pleading email. Asking, hiding her desperate begging, for a ahead payment for the month. Wanting the money as soon as possible for a new place to live. Anxiously working the time away to keep her mind off the eventual answering email. The ping notice of new mail causing her to jump she had been so tense. Opening it immediately to read that they had accepted her request for early payment. Sending it directly to her account for whatever she needed.

As soon as she read that she sped straight to the front door to go apartment shopping. Stopping short by the clown catching her fleeing.

"where are you going?" his voice was gentle in seeing how startled she was by him.

"looking for an apartment." up front about what she was planning.
"This is going really fast for me. I need some space, some air to

breath away from it all."

"you're leaving?" the disappointment in his voice hitting her hard.

"not far, I won't be leaving Derry." making it out to not be so bad. "I'll be in one of the apartments within walking distance. keeping it easy to visit when I can."

" ... do you want me to do anything?" saddened by this, but he promised not to hold her captive in the house. If ultimately she decided to leave Derry he wouldn't block her way either.

"no thanks, I'll handle everything from here." waving goodbye out the door. Speed walking straight to the nearest apartments for availability. Taking the entire day to speak with multiple landlords. Touring every available place except for that one block of apartments. Her childhood home she couldn't stand the sight of as all the cruel memories flooded back. Some places she refused simply because she could see the roof of that particular apartment building from the view of a window.

Settling down on one grand apartment in view of the river flowing by. A place between walking distance of the town center and the Neibolt house. It was almost sundown when she signed the papers. Her growling stomach leading her to buy a dinner meal at the diner. Not long after sending her order in the clown appeared to sit next to her at their usual booth.

"you found a home?" tentatively speaking to her.

"yes."

"I can give you anything you need." keeping his tone gentle. "is there something wrong in the other house?"

"no, it's not that." her own tone calmly gentle. "nothing is really wrong, I just need time to adjust. Having ... *kids* ... , getting married, living together in the span of 2 months is extremely fast." reassuring him the best she could. "I won't leave Derry, I promise." truly thinking that. She didn't want to ditch him or necessarily the eggs. While also not wanting to be cornered by the parasites the day they

do come into the world.

The plate of fried shrimp arriving next to a side of oysters surrounded by lemon wedges. Shifting the plates over to share them. Sipping her sweet tea when the clown gave her surprising news.

"they've been calling for you." it almost had her choke on the mouthful of tea if she hadn't managed to roughly swallow.

"calling?! What?! They speak to you inside the eggs?"

"no." the next news turning her pale. "they've hatched. They hatched a few hours ago."

"already?!" she blurted out.

"yes." nodding. "will you come back to see them today?"

Beverly swallowed a large gulp of tea hydrating her cottonmouth. Unsure of being ready to face the mini world eaters so soon. Then again she would eventually have to return to pack her things. May as well kill two birds using one stone. "I'll stay the night to see them. Then move into my new place tomorrow." up front on her plans. The clown happy to hear she would come back, even if temporary.

Taking her time on eating the meal since her appetite had been spoiled. Passing the plate of shrimp over to the clown to finish. Drinking down the remaining oysters coated in squeezed on lemon. Hardly noticing the sour taste between the sweet oysters covered by refreshing sweet tea. Pennywise insisting on paying the bill despite her having more than enough to pay.

The walk home overly quiet under the few lit street lamps. Sun hidden behind the far tree line bearing only a highlighted orange glow at their edge. Under the first night stars the Neibolt house seemed so unfriendly as she entered. Nothing had truly changed between her and Pennywise to feel this way. It was due to those *things* arriving only after 2 days of existing on their own. What were they going to look like?

Ugly black spiders covered in thorny spines? Slimy worms covered in eyes? Viscous flesh eating leech like maggots squirming around? The

further up the stairs she walked the more her horrified mind exaggerated. Stomach twisting in knots to the point she may vomit what she ate moments ago. Something fried not being the best of things to eat before this. Yet she wasn't expecting to come face to face with *them* so soon. Entering the bedroom alone to see the threaded cocoon lacking the breathing glow of orange light. Pennywise standing back down in the kitchen to give her personal time with them.

Here she was, ready to see the newly hatched parasites. What horrific slimy vermin did she bring into this world? Walking up to the cocoon for a look down into its core. Finding the sight greatly underwhelming from what she expected. Inside was a pile of circular fluff balls in a pile at the bottom. On each was a small line of scales separating one half of the fluff from the other side. If they were a little lighter they would look as if they were giant cotton balls. Not as big as a soccer ball, but bigger than a soft ball.

She stared in waiting for them to do something. Pennywise said they were calling her, but maybe not in a vocal sense. Could have been as some animistic high frequency talking only he could hear. In which case all the more she didn't care. Tired of waiting for something to happen, she decided to try one thing. If it did nothing then it was no big loss to her.

"hey?" she called down to the pile of cotton balls. Her eyes opening wide at the many small black eyes opening to the call. The cocoon suddenly swarming with life of many insect creatures uncurling themselves. Swarming around each other in a sort of squirming snake pile.

Resembling their dad in body structure aside from the layer of fluff coating their top halves. Similar red face markings lining their little jaws of needle teeth going over two pairs of eyes out of their total four pairs. 6 snake heat pits lining their rounded snouts clear of fur up to the back of their heads connecting to a mane of thicker fuzz. Flexible antenna looking like a mini pair of horns flexing forward in their great interest in her. Little praying mantis arms held close to their fluffy chest. Eight long spider arms along their most front half of the body. Followed by many legs on a more centipede like half flowing down to a poofy fantail hiding a pair of pincers. Lining down

their spine a long section of back scales flexing forwards and back in excitement.

They had a chorus of multiple sounds up to Beverly. Ranging from various cheeps, squeaks, and mews as if a herd of kittens were chasing baby birds. Trying their best to climb up the threading walls or each other to reach her. Failing each time they tried to her relief of not knowing exactly how'd they react to her. They could just be excited at seeing "food" visiting them. Although if they were calling her could that mean they'd also recognize her? They'd never seen her before now on top of no interactions.

"you definitely take after your dad." almost whispering down to them. Leaving them to head for bed with the plans of packing tomorrow morning. Pleasant thoughts of being far away in her new place taking a much needed breather.

Out of view of the hatchlings they went quiet on their chirping. Still able to hear them skittering over each other in an attempt at climbing out. Laying down not for long when the chorus of cheeps started up again. Their loud calls keeping her from a peaceful nights rest. Annoyed by them she shuffled to the end of the bed to glare down at the tiny fluff balls.

They suddenly stopped their chirping under her angry glare coming into view. Frozen aside from their rounded black eyes blinking in looking up at her. Backing away to her sleeping spot, she learned quickly, was a mistake. Their chirping starting up again each time to repeatedly annoy her.

"what?!" huffing down at them. Receiving silent stares in response to her looking at them each time. "maybe you do want food." sighing without any idea what they'd eat. If they had to eat human flesh they would certainly starve under her care. Making a trip down to the kitchen fridge for meat that wasn't frozen solid. Grabbing a few containers of sliced deli meat for sandwiches.

Returning back to pop open one container of thin turkey slices. "this will have to do. If you don't eat this then you'll have to starve." picking up a slice to hold over the swarm. Watching them open their mouths as baby birds would waiting for food.

The slice dropped in instantly torn apart by their jaws. Returning to looking back up for more food to drop in. the display entertaining Beverly akin to those zoo shows throwing a whole chicken into a piranha tank. Dropping more slices to see them covered by the swarm in seconds. Eventually they must have gotten full by so many packages of meat. Slowly losing interest on each new slice presented into their den. Nesting down to rest by curling back up into the large cotton balls.

Beverly packed the rest of the deli meats away before heading to bed her self. Sleeping through the night until the early morning when the loud chirping started. Groaning in sitting up so early before her normal waking time. The clown hovering by the mini den of chirping hatchlings.

"sorry." he apologized. "I tried quieting them down, but they won't listen."

"what do they want? More food?" rubbing her tired face of lingering sleep.

"no, they want you."

"ugh." scooting to the end of the bed to look down at them. The chirping stopped again as they looked right up at her.

"I have been trying to feed them, but they won't take anything." looking at them in worry.

"I did feed them a ton of turkey last night. They're probably still full."

"you fed them turkey?"

"yes, they seem to be okay when eating it." a glare forming on her face when looking up to him. "what were **you** trying to feed them with?"

"my diet." not needing to go into further details.

"don't feed them that. If they do fine with regular meats were sticking with that."

"what if they don't take it well?"

"if, after a few days, they aren't doing so well. Then feed them whatever you want." climbing off the bed to make a fresh cup of morning coffee. The loud cheeping at her missing coming loud and clear from the bedroom. Long after the coffee was ready she stayed in the kitchen to avoid the fluff balls harassment. "guess I should start packing. Make some food for them in the meantime." taking a whole frozen chicken out to defrost in hot water. Leaving that alone to go pack up stairs as the clown looked over the young.

His gaze following her around the room. Taking things back and forth to her bags. Leaving back down stairs for the chicken that would be defrosted by now. Taking the time to de-bone it for easy meat dropping. Wanting to avoid reaching into that piranha swarm for the rotten bones later. The sound of chopping snagging the clowns attention.

"want me to do that?"

"no, almost finished." chopping the main body into quarters. Ripping the last bit of bone out to then throw the meat onto the plated pile.

"will you be coming on our evening walk?"

"umm ... I have a lot of work to do." making up an excuse.

"can you watch them for a little while, right now? While I go hunt for myself?" asking gently.

"yeah, don't worry about it." able to tolerate the hatchlings for a little longer. He waved goodbye on his way out the door. Beverly walking up stairs holding the plate of raw chicken in hand. Checking the clock on her way she saw it was almost afternoon. Sitting at the end of her bed near the silent fluff balls staring at her. Picking up one slab of meat had them chirping, mouths open wide, for the fresh meat. Dropping it in the meat slab lasted longer than the turkey slices. Biting into a chunk they shook their heads to shred off pieces to swallow down.

Dangling one long piece slowly into the core of the swarm. Chuckling

as they snapped to latch on to it. hanging for a moment before the meat broke away. Dropping the last slab of meat she went back to packing. The chirping fading in and out to the sounds of them shuffling around. Checking to make sure everything was packed away she had pulled out each drawer. Distracted up till she heard a small thud followed by light skittering across the wood floor.

Head whipping around to the now absolutely silent hatchling den. Fearing something happened she went over to check on them. Noticing immediately an empty spot in their once packed cluster. One of them had managed to get out. Panicking at where it had ran off to she searched under all the furniture for it. Freezing at hearing it squeaking on the bed in one of her open suitcases. Checking her bags she saw it struggling in one of her long sleeved shirts. Head sticking out the open wrist end as its body was stuck in the tight sleeve. unable to break free as it flopped around trying to bite what thing had caught it.

The hatchling went still under noticing its mothers angry glare. Letting out a wimpy peep noise at being caught. "At least they know the **angry mom look** when they see it." she thought.

"some world eater you're going to be." talking toward the thing helpless in a sleeved shirt. Cautiously taking a hold around the base of its head. Possibly not the best place to gently grab, but she wanted to make sure it couldn't bite her if it tried. Upon freeing it, it curled its long tail around her arm. Resting most of itself contently in her holding hand. Purring from the small contact she was giving it. She gave it a small pet and a scratch to it as she would a baby kitten. Raking her hand through the soft fluff covering over it. The small thing enjoying the vast attention it was receiving from its mother.

"not little monsters like I thought." sitting down on the bed with it. "you've all been wanting moms attention is all." thinking back on the many times they called for her. Receiving only angry glares to have them quiet down. A twinge of regret over her past actions handling them. "I should stay to be a better mom for you guys. Leaving you with Pennywise to raise alone isn't the best idea either." standing again to put her things back where they were. Dropping her plan of moving out to stay and care for the living cotton balls.

here be the babies! i imagine them sounding like how cheetahs chirp and squeak. if you've never heard a cheetah chirp before, heres a vid of their sounds.

watch?v=RjqWFcwnq08

also i think i'll probably do only one more chapter *maybe* two then the story will be finished. =]

vampgirliegirl

i shall. :3

6. Lion tamer

Hearing them squeak and chirp in the mini den. She thought over how the one in her hand reacted so pleasantly toward her. Heading over to take hold of the threaded cocoon holding the mini fluff balls. Carefully turning it onto its side to set the little spiderlings free. They stumbled out to swarm around her feet. Chirping up at her for them to get attention. She uncurled the one wrapped around her hand to set it down by the others. The little thing squeaking in protest as it was forced to get down. Watching them chirp for a moment before stepping over them. Walking back and forth to unpack her things while closely being followed by the swarm across the room.

Looking down at them every so often to chuckle at the sight. A herd of cotton tapping across the floor to chirp up at her wherever she stopped. Finished unpacking her things she sat on the floor to allow them closer. It didn't take long for them all to settle into her lap. Hearing them all purr in their pile resting in her lap. Petting each of them to feel through their soft fluff.

"what to do with all of you?" thinking on how she was to keep these little world eaters from doing as little world eating as possible. Not enough time had passed to tell yet, but it seemed regular meats were okay. "maybe you can eat other things?" wanting to test out her theory she stood back up to head for the kitchen. Chuckling at the protested squeaking of her moving again. allowing them to follow downstairs keeping a close eye on all of them. Wasn't hard as they wanted to follow her everywhere without straying from her path.

Seeing them figure out how to go down stairs was entertaining. They all shuffled around at the top of the stairs while she waited at the bottom. "you'll have to figure out the stairs sometime." answering their protesting chirps down to her. One by one they took each step at a time the whole way down. Chirping after her into the kitchen where the smell of food had them exploring the room a bit more. Right when she opened the fridge door to fetch some experimental offerings the hatchlings were quick to try and squeeze by.

"no!" she blocked them from getting into the fridge. Picking a few up to set them away and the rest she scooted them back before closing

the door. Working quickly to grab a small box of various food to come back out. Counting the hatchlings to be sure all of them were there in the kitchen and not having gotten into trouble somewhere. The smell of food out in the open having them chirp excitedly around her for food.

Sitting at the kitchen table she looked over what to choose first. Having a can of sardines, strawberries, carrots, corn, and a mini bag of chocolate donuts. Her expectations for the vegetables and fruit being pretty low on their taste buds. Hoping however they may like something more than meat just as how Pennywise did on either sweet or junk food. Although there was also the snag on if they could live on a separate diet. What if it didn't work as he said? The thought of Pennywise hunting twice as many town folks to feed all 20 of these growing cotton balls causing a stabbing pain in her chest. Begging up to anyone listening in the sky, maybe even *the other*, that they could eat at least one different food item other than humans.

"fish would be good for you all. It's practically everywhere and easier to hide then full grown cows being plucked off farms." cracking open the thin tins of lined fish. Tossing one onto the white tiled floor into the swarm. The little bit of meat gobbled up in seconds by the happy fuzz balls.

"fish, turkey, beef, guess any regular meats will work for you. Let's try some really sweet fruit." picking up a few strawberries much too small to feed all of them. Taking caution on their stomachs possibly getting upset on food considered inedible after being gulped down. Setting a few down on a tile that was attacked to pieces. They tried mauling it like the past meats only to squish the fruit apart. Covering a few of them in red juice stains off the red liquid spraying out. "definitely messy eaters." thinking how they looked more bloody tearing apart fruit then over all the meat they shredded.

Moving on to the plastic pack of baby carrots. Dropping a few that were attacked just as fast. Only this time the reactions of the hatchlings was mixed. Some spat out the chunk right after taking a bite. While others chewed to a stop before dropping the mush back onto the floor. Staring confused at the orange stuff they first thought as food. Gazing up at Beverly for something else to be given.

"don't like carrots?" showing them how she can eat them. Receiving only confused stares between her and the orange sticks. Laughing at them fluffing up in angry refusal at the sticks they spat out everywhere. "thought you wouldn't. I don't think you'll like corn either." popping open a can to drain water out by the sink. Scooping out a spoonful to plop down into the swarm to try. The hatchlings having even more mixed opinions on the sweet corn. Some actually ate the pieces while others treated it the same as the carrots. Spat out yellow piles all over the floor.

"hmm." humming at their reactions. "why like the corn?" eating a spoonful herself to try it. "it's really sweet compared to most vegetables." wanting to test further using other sweeter foods. Tossing down more strawberries to distract them from the fridge. Returning to the kitchen table with sweet potatoes, yams, and red onions to cook. Throwing the yams in the oven for baking. Turning the sweet potatoes into an easy mash to swallow down. And the onions she cooked on the stove to caramelize into a sweeter state.

Taking note how the hatchlings were super interested in the oven. Attracted to it most where the warmth was leaking out a small bottom vent. Crowding around it to soak the heat into their fur the entire time the food was cooking. Protesting again when shooed away for the oven to open. The smell of more food attracting a chorus of cheeps toward Beverly setting up the meal.

"what are you making?" Pennywise appeared in the kitchen. Surprised to find Beverly allowing the hatchlings to surround her down in the kitchen.

"food ... for them." awkwardly answering at seeing him scrunch up at the offerings prepared.

"onions and mashed potatoes?"

"iiiits an experiment." smiling sheepishly under the now glaring clown. Experimenting on their children wasn't exactly the best way of putting it. "I am trying to see if they can eat anything else. Meats they're all fine with. Strawberry they handled fine too as well as sweet corn, but not the carrots. I want to see if they'll take vegetables if they're really sweet."

"is that blood on them?" pointing to the ones coated the most in strawberry juice stains.

"no, that's fruit juice. They can be messy eaters." scooping all the food onto one large platter plate. "where have you been? You went hunting a lot longer than usual."

"it's the dropping whether driving everyone inside. Its a lot harder to snag someone then during the summer months involving the fair. When it snows I can hardly find anyone out and about." crouching down to play with the hatchlings now begging him for food. "will you be leaving after feeding them?" his tone grim at knowing her packing before he left that morning.

"no. I feel better than I was this morning. Figuring things out has helped me take everything in more smoothly."

"you'll be staying to raise them with me?"

"yes, but I remind you not to feed them people while we do. Unless it turns out we have no choice. Which so far isn't the case. I want my kids to not be raised on a man eater diet."

"but humans good for them. It has lots of energy in the meat for them."

"so does beef." glaring at him with a hiss. "besides, they're half human and I am sure it would be cannibalism at this point." taking up the plate of vegetables. Followed by the chirping hatchlings waiting for her to drop it. As soon as the plate was set down they dug right into the mashed sweet potatoes. Making a mess everywhere as they practically swam in the mush pile. Slices of sweetened onion rings tossed around as if it were squirming prey needing to be killed first. Swallowed down like flip flopping worms hard to keep a hold of. The sliced yams ran off with to be devoured away from siblings fighting over the chunks.

Beverly sat chuckling over the wild show of food fighting. The white clean floor covered in all sorts of smeared food afterwards. The plate licked clean by their blue tongues flicking out to slurp up any remains. The mashed sweet potatoes being a big favorite out of

everything. Onions a close second with yams being a 50/50 among the group.

"we'll work on the table manners later." brushing off globs of food from some of them. Their messy eating causing them to be sticky after covering themselves in fruit juice or mashed potatoes in their fur.

"they eat very well." the clown pridefully talking about his spawn devouring all in their path.

"they all need a bath before their fur is matted with mold." sweeping up a lot of the food mess into the trash. "wipe up the last of the gunk while I go clean the gunk off them." handing a mop to him as she scooped up the baby fluffs into a box. Carrying them into the bathroom to trap them inside while starting a low bath of warm water. Seeing them act quite curious over the flowing water rather than afraid. Stopping the water to set them down in the shallow bath.

Smiling at them prancing around in the splashing water. Dunking down to shake the water off as birds would when bathing. Swimming as much as they could in the small amount of water. When it came time to scrub their fur out they hissed at Beverly. Snapping at the scrubbing brush going over them. Pulling the brush away when they bit into it refusing to let go. Fearing their turn against the evil brush they tried escaping the bath. Failing by their mother grabbing them from the bath edge. To calm them down, she brought a toy into the bath. A floating yellow duck that caused them to freak out even more. Confused by this strange creature entering their small space.

She only found it entertaining to watch them hiss toward the duck. Puffing up in arching backs to act more intimidating. To show them it was harmless she pushed it down into the water. Moving it around a bit until they stopped puffing up against it. Seeing them still far too afraid to approach she squeezed it to let out a squeak. Suddenly this yellow duck menace was one of them, receiving many squeaks back at it in reply. The heard of cotton surrounding it to hear another squeak. Turning confused when none came they looked to their mother. Who squeezed the duck for them to get another happy squeak from the toy.

Smiling at her children happily playing with the duck. Them all pushing it back and forth in rounds about the tub. While she would scoop one up to scrub their fur clean.

Pennywise coming in to sit by the tub to join in on the fun. Swirling the water around with a hand to keep the duck moving ahead of the hunting hatchlings following it. "can I get scrubbed next?" teasing Beverly who splashed him after the questions.

"maybe when the kids are asleep we can take a bath next." smirking to him as she scrubbed off the last hatchling. Exciting him with a reply he didn't expect to come from her.

Letting the hatchlings swim around with the duck a little longer. Letting the water drain to start blow drying them off. Picking up one to dry them off into large poofy fluff balls nicely cleaned. Appearing even more like living cotton balls chasing each other around. Some hiding under the towels to pounce on their siblings in surprise attacks. Moving to attack their parents legs or their fathers teasing hand waving in front of them.

Him chuckling over the learning babies already up to hunt small prey. "they should hunt something." Beverly expression dropping its smile.

When they grew up they could need to hunt to survive. Hopefully not humans, that, she would be sure to avoid them doing at all cost. "like what?" stopping her drying of one chirping baby.

"... rats?" his silence having him think over his original answer based off what Beverly would think.

"we're not letting them hunt diseased sewer rats." picking up another one to dry.

"what about rats from the pet store? I've seen humans feed those to snakes."

"hmm, maybe. We should start them with something smaller. Mice or feeder fish would be better. They really like swimming in water." thinking about them learning to live in lakes or even the ocean.

Hunting fish in deep dark bodies of water easy for them to hide away from humanity. That was also based on if they even stayed on earth after growing up. "... what happens if they grow up and leave?"

"they'd search for new territory outside of Derry." speaking fondly at the thought of successfully raising their clutch.

"I mean, if they leave earth." the realization of that having him drop his enthusiasm. Silence from him as he thought over her question.

"then that's how it will be. We will have raised them successfully either way." his smile shakily returning.

Her thoughts not so sure of that. "hopefully." thinking as she dried off the last. Opening the bathroom door to let them flee from their bathroom prison. Stopping not far down the hall for their mother to catch up. Opening the door to let them back into the bedroom. Resting on the floor ready to sleep after a heavy meal then running all their energy off. Beverly picked them up to set them in their threaded crib for a rest. Making sure they rested comfortably with each other after counting that all were there.

"is it my turn now?" smiling behind her.

About to say yes if it weren't for her empty stomach demanding attention first. "feed me first, then maybe it will." smiling back in passing to downstairs. Feeling his presence zoom by to reach the kitchen before her.

"what would you like?" asking excitedly when she entered.

"hm, how about a seafood dinner?" sitting at the kitchen counter. It didn't take him long to get started on a pot filled with shrimp, muscles, clams, mixed in a seasoned rice. Presenting the hot seafood beautifully placed in a spiral pattern of the layers. The seafood placed to cover the bedding of rice across the place. Sitting next to her as she ate the wonderful meal. Attempting to share with him being refused, surely because he had something else filling his mind.

"when we go up to bathe, what will you be expecting?" teasing him while biting into a succulent buttery shrimp.

"to be scrubbed." he joked.

"oh, then you don't need me then." finishing off her shrimp. Laughing at his expression of disappointment as if she were serious. Kissing him quickly on the cheek uplifting him back. Chuckling when he pulled her into a hug. Licking his long tongue affectionately across her neck. "you know, since you topped me the first time, I get to top you this time." playfully pressing his face away. He whined with a light nip of her hand. Beverly barely finishing her plate when he picked her up to carry her up the stairs.

Hugging her close for further licks to nips at her neck. Needing her to slip away so she could get the bath running. Kissing him back through his more intimate tongue going over her chest. Stopping him to point at the tub with a sly smile. "you get in so I can get on top." hearing a purring growl from his chest as he obeyed. Setting himself down, still fully clothed, in the tub. Most his legs not fitting within the small space needing to hang over the edge. The sight entertaining Beverly, who teasingly stripped down in front of him. Stepping into the tub to straddle him, her chest resting against his.

Lightly raking her wet hand through his hair to slick it back. Feeling him purr under the petting treatment. His gloved hands feeling up along her back to hug her close.

"now, what were you expecting?" rubbing her hips down on his. Feeling something hard twitch between her legs. "you better not say scrubbing." tugging on his ruffled collar.

"mating, with you." voice sounding rough through his deep purr.

"before we start, you have trouble making eggs in this form, **right?**" Beverly not being so keen on a second pregnancy so soon.

The clown nodding quickly up to her. "yes, no eggs, promise." smiling widely.

"good." reaching down a hand to slip his pants down just enough. Shivering at the squirming organ brushing across her thighs. Reaching to grab the base of him pulling a moaning purr from him. A frustrated growl shortly following as she held the twitching organ

from what it wanted most. Rubbing against the base of the organ worming between her tightened thighs. Its slickness shedding off under the warm water disallowing it to break free of her grasp.

The teasing she was causing him being enjoyable up until he started changing. The squirming organ stretching to a long length wrapping itself around her arm at first. Then when it got big enough it spread to coil up around her hip like a snake. Willing to wrap around her if it weren't for her wrestling to control it in both arms. Bold enough to continuing her teasing despite the shifting Pennywise was fighting through.

Body cracking to stretch himself to be bigger. Leaning over her drooling uncontrollably through heated panting. It was when his chest split open for more tendrils to grab onto her that she was afraid her teasing went too far. The light bulb in the bathroom popping under a guttural growl so deep she felt the vibration through her chest.

"p-pen." nervously speaking his name in the darkened room. Their forms highlighted by the setting sunlight reflecting down through the window. His eyes glowing golden yellow staring down at her.

He heavily swallowed a mouthful of drool by his name called. The tendrils wrapped tight around her going limp to slip under the water. The organ frenziedly working to escape her grasp falling limp in her hands. Panting hot heavy breaths down onto her through growling jaws of now jagged teeth. Accepting that her teasing had run its course she took a gentle hold of his end. Spine shivering at the feeling of it pulsing in her grip. Gently rubbing it down to its goal, still keeping a firm grip in case he got way too excited when rushing in.

the long organ sliding right in to rub along her walls. Pulling a moan from her that loosened her grip on the rest of the organ carefully coiling deeper. Clawed hands gripping onto her hips to hold her firmly down for the ride. A long hot tongue licking up her chest to around her neck. Pulling her nervously close to the large jaws of razor sharp teeth. Feeling them enclose around her throat to pass over her shoulder as well on their abnormal length. Tongue tasting all around her throat to across her chest. She couldn't see much of

how he looked now in the darkening room. Only entrusting him not to harm her in his lusting state over her. Rutting deep into her pulling further moans that encouraged him on.

"i-is my stud enjoying me?" her skin chilling between each large hot tongue lick over her repeating in cycles. Honestly not expecting him to answer in this state, but he did.

"I am breeding you full for the week." his voice deeply purred crossing into a growl. Clamping his jaws back around her neck to lick against her skin. Sucking on her to swallow mouthfuls of drool collecting on her skin. Claws digging into her for a far deeper thrust developing. The setting being chilling to Beverly in the literal jaws of the beast rutting into her. Yet it was also a thrilling ride on the gentle tendril taking its time to prod at every sweet spot she had in her. Hands gripping tightly into the fabric of his suit within her reach.

Her body unable to take much more tensed around him. That thick warmth filling her deepest space. Despite that he wasn't stopping after that first burst. On the path to doing exactly what he said he would. No sensation of eggs, just like he promised before they started. Keeping Beverly completely excited for the full ride he had planned.

been wanting to do that special scene although i wasn't sure to put it in this chap or the last chap. it felt too quick this chap, but also far too late in the next chap, with it being the ending chap. probably feels too fast as i am used to the super slow burn, while with this short story i don't exactly have that wiggle room length. XD

vampgirliegirl

one chapter left. :3

eahmon

wish granted, heh heh. :3

thank you, glad you like it. :3

Beverly's gonna be more of the anxious mom wondering how she's

gonna pay for 20 separate college tuition's. XD

7. Traveling circus

A few weeks had passed into the month of October. The Halloween fair arriving in town allowing Pennywise to do more regular hunting. Beverly staying home to take care of their cotton balls. Being brought caramel apples as soon as the clown returned. He had become less anxious about her cooking alone. Someone needed to feed the hatchlings and he couldn't be there all the time. The diets of the hatchlings staying varied without any digestive problems.

Beverly and Pennywise guessed that it was because they were more *earthly organic*. Then compared to their father created from various space dust and energy. They would eat almost anything as long as it was meat, or extremely sweet. Honey was a great distraction for them while Beverly worked for the next few hours. Stopping now and again to watch them lick at the honey with their small blue tongues.

Despite their more earthly digestion then did indeed have deadlights. Every now and again Beverly would catch Pennywise laying on the floor chuckling. Opening his mouth slightly to show a low glow to the fluff balls who would then mimic him. Opening all their little mouths to show a small glow different to each of them. Colors ranging from fiery warm colors to cooler purples and blues. Letting them crawl all over him when ever they played together.

Beverly found their deadlights to work a little differently than pennywises. Although, that could be limited due to their age. She started doing what Pennywise suggested on the live prey. Buying only small batches of feeder fish and nothing else. Trying to promote as much as possible not to eat any line of meats that could lead up to humans. They would snatch the fish out of a shallow bin she set up for them. Watching the fluffs swallow them down whole as birds do. When it got down to the last remaining fish they would open their mouths to show of the lights. Attracting the fish closer to be snagged.

Already turning into efficient hunters at barely a month old. This was having Beverly worry again about them turning aggressive. She thought about how, in the same terms of pets, they needed to be socialized as quickly as possible when young to learn how to act. That wasn't exactly possible as the hatchlings would stick out like a

sore thumb out in the world. Bringing home some small creature to accidentally be mauled to death couldn't be an option. They needed something they were already used to as not being food in their eyes.

Beverly had debated what to do every time she cooked for them. Watching them ruthlessly tear into a whole roasted chicken. Between the day they hatched up to now they had grown to half the size of a house cat. Recently she discovered another trait of the little fluff balls. Teasing them once using dangling pieces of long bacon. Their squeaks slowly twisting into a sound of "fuu." that she assumed was a new sound of frustration.

"food?" throwing a piece of bacon to tease them with the next slice. Chuckling at them all chanting fuu toward the bacon piece. "fooooood?" teasing them on how their frustrated noise sounded similar to the word. One stopping to call out the sound more for repetition then begging for the bacon to be thrown.

"fuu, fuu, fuu."

"food?" repeating the word specifically down to the distracted hatchling.

"fuu ... food!" the hatchlings perfect speaking of the word making all the others go quiet. "food!" it spoke again up toward her. Followed soon after by **all** the hatchlings speaking the word. "Food! Food! Food! Food! Food! Food!" the swarm chanted.

Beverly stuck staring in shocked horror at them learning to speak. This meant she had to be more careful with how she spoke. Last thing she wanted was 20 voices shouting curse words in the house. If they could speak now, how long before they could change shape? A few more weeks to maybe another month? Overcoming her shock she set down the plate of bacon for them all to dig in. telling Pennywise as soon as he got home about what they were doing.

"they've been talking since they hatched." he took it as nothing.

"not in English!" she stressed.

a long talk of what may happen in the next few weeks passing

between them. involving powers possibly appearing in the next few weeks. How he was to continue the teaching of **not** hunting people. If and when they harness the power to change shape to start hunting bigger things with age. Soon after another talk of them both being more careful with what they were to say around the parroting fluffs.

Between her regular work and feeding the cotton balls she supported them in learning words. Food was obviously their most favorite one and the least being "veggs". Calling anything deemed inedible to them as *veggs* sprouting from Beverly talking to them about vegetables. When she tried to insist on the *veggs* as food they would puff up at her. Learning another word, *no*, to chant at her repeatedly.

The words they spoke for now being limited to minuscule pronunciations. Slowly opening up their worlds to further communication aside from themselves. This made socializing them picking up in urgency. It *had* to be something alive that could match their size to not simulate small prey. She asked Pennywise to babysit while she went out to fetch something. Returning home, after a few hours, holding a brown box covered in air holes.

They swarmed her to squeak up at her turning into chants of "food! Food! Food!"

"no, not food." she sat on a nearby couch. Carefully opening the box to pick up a tiny yellow duckling. "no food." repeating a second time as the duckling was set down among them. Her thought process going on the hopes they wouldn't eat it as it resembled the rubber duck they played in the bath with. The swarm stared at it blankly looking confused as to what it was. It was fluffy like them and a bright yellow color speckled by a bit of brown. Almost being as big as they were unlike the live fish pray they swallowed down.

The little duckling ruffled its fluff with a shake then let out a few cheeps. The sound caught their attention and they squeaked back at it. Mimicking the little duck noises as they did with every new sound to them. Excitedly prancing around to chirp at one another.

"duck." speaking to them as she pointed to the duckling.

"dak." some repeated back.

"duuuck." pronouncing it out further.

"duck."

"yes, duck." nodding her head. Smiling when the word was repeated.

" duck! Duck! Duck! Duck! Duck!" they threw the word around between their squeaks to the little duckling. Who in all the strange fuss wasn't at all stressed. Meanwhile Beverly was relieved they didn't devour the poor thing while accepting it as one of their swarm. Pennywise seeing the yellow thing for the first time was confused as to what invaded his little hunter pack running around the house. Sounding displeased his young were interacting to a prey creature, but Beverly made sure he accepted the duckling as part of the house.

The duckling doing far more good then simple socialization. It helped the cotton balls eat further things out of their usual pickiness. Spreading out into nibbling on pumpkin bits, cucumber slices, peas, and oatmeal mixed in warm milk. Continuing to be messy eaters spreading half the food across the floor. Explaining to them that some of the foods were *veggs* was met by multiple *no*'s. How dare their mother suggest *veggs* being a food.

Bath time more exciting alongside their new living duck friend to swim with. The following sleep time having them all cuddle together under a warming lamp. Beverly thought over how with their new friend they should further explore the outside. They wouldn't live in this house forever after all.

"we should get a fish pond in the backyard." speaking to the clown hugging her close in bed.

"what, for decoration?"

"not for that. The fluff balls need some time out of the house. They swim as well as the duckling can. It'd be a bigger space to hunt fish then in a plastic tub." catching the attention of his promotion of hunting skills.

"I'll make the biggest pond for them to hunt in." nuzzling her face.

kissing his cheek happily in return. "don't go too crazy. I don't want

to see our house become ocean front property." joking, but also somewhat serious. Knowing Pennywise went over kill when it came to spoiling his children.

"aww, but think of the big fish they could catch." joking back.

"or what big fish could catch them." burying her head into his chest.

The next day the two got up to head for their daily routine. Pennywise heading out to hunt for most the morning to then return by the afternoon. Beverly cooked up a breakfast of blueberries and a pile of scrambled eggs. The hatchlings following her into her office to eat in their large playpen while she worked. Their little cocoon den being too small and far too easy to climb out of. Beverly needing to round up the hatchlings now and again as their climbing skills had greatly improved. Sometimes spotting one that managed to make it up to the ceiling.

Unable to stay up there for long before falling down. The first few times it happened she feared they would break something from the fall, but after the 20th time it still did nothing. Their more independent nature coming forth in exploring without Beverly being in the lead. Causing more havoc by them climbing onto shelves to knock everything off. Catching them once trying to pull the fridge open one night without success.

By the time her clown husband was back her work was done. Preparing to feed the little cotton balls when he stopped her.

"the pond is ready in the yard. Surrounded by a tall fence to keep nosy humans out. Also made sure the young cant climb out into the street. The waters already filled with fresh things to hunt in the sun." excitedly telling Beverly as he gave a bag of treats for her and the fluff balls to eat. A few caramel apples for her next to a smaller bag filled with chocolate coated cherries.

"perfect timing on the lunch rush. They can get some sun as they run after their food." leading the herd of cotton balls.

All of them chanting "food" as they followed behind her out the back door. Stopping at the edge of the back door in curiosity at the new

environment. Sniffing at each concrete step down into the grassy backyard. Beverly needing to herd them along when they all stopped to lounge on the warm stone pathway soaking in the sun. the pond they rushed over to when spotted. Surrounding the water to look down into its depths. Attention caught by the larger fish than what they were used to. Already attempting to hunt them using their normal methods. Having trouble as the fish were able to swim away instead of limited to a shallow bin.

Then they discovered frogs at the ponds edge. Discovering them to be even harder prey to catch. Their not so subtle approach of them hunting in a pack of bright white fur chanting "food". Scaring all the frogs away before they could get close. Eventually coming back to their mother to complain about the lack of food caught. Fluffing up in frustration the hungrier they got while stalking something. Pennywise tried to help by teaching them to be silent when stalking. It worked, but a bunch of obvious white things rushing at their food still gave them away.

Beverly ended up rolling her pant legs and left her shoes off to the side to step into the water. Convincing them to enter the deeper darker water to fish. Helped by their duckling friend following Beverly first. Taking naturally to the water when they got in. loving that they could hide inside the reed plants for the fish to pass by. Having more success in dark cover to catch things. Although frogs were still a problem that always managed to jump away. Pennywise helped with that too by catching a frog for them to drop away from the water. Their long leaps managing to still get them to freedom into the pond while being chased.

Seeing their yellow friend eat some of the floating plants in the water they mimicked him. Finding it to be another thing deemed as a *vegg*. Spitting out the greenery in their many agreed "no's" of rejection. Beverly promoted them to eat various plants around the pond. Receiving only fluffed up "no's" or hissed out "*veggs*". She shrugged it off as a can't win them all. Happy that at least they were adapting really well to the water life. Hoping her plans of them living off fish in large bodies of water would turn into a reality for them.

Thinking one day if they were to leave, would there be strange news of monsters spotted in lakes around the world? Recognizing one of

her children in a cryptids TV show featured in a blurred wrecked photo. She still had yet to name them. They had no gender from what Pennywise confirmed. The names needing to be gender neutral in her mind off that. Scanning on her phone through suggested baby names. Remembering all 20 names would be difficult on top of each one looking like a twin to each other. Relying on personality alone to tell them apart. Pennywise jumping in once to say he wanted one to be named after popcorn. Beverly refused to name one popcorn along with rejecting the many other food names he came up with. Finally agreeing on one, toffee, sounding the most normal for one. Leave it to the clown to name one of his own children after something small and edible.

The name given to the one who loved sneaking out of their bed at night. The one usually leading the charge to break into the fridge. Toffee was definitely the biggest troublemaker of the cotton balls. He was also the one to go after the frogs long after his siblings gave up. Managing to catch one after it landed in the water. Diving in after it to snag it by the leg. Soon chased by his siblings for it when he started eating on land. Shouting out multiple "no's" while the rest yelled "food."

Beverly had been looking in various baby name books while they played in the pond. Some lounging nearby in the warm sun. leaving clumps of fur across the grass they rolled in. shedding much more than when she brushed them, but that could be their fur snagging on all the various plants they were new to exploring. peeking up from her books to count that all of them were still there. Most crawling over their father laying in the grass with them. Finding gender neutral names to be harder than expected. Giving up on the pile of books she read through repeatedly.

"I don't like any of the names in these. One is already named after a food, may as well keep with the theme." Beverly abandoning the books on a small table by her lounge chair. Pennywise happy to suggest more food names. Needing Beverly to again deny his suggestion of popcorn. One of them had to be named honey after their love of the sweet goop, same with maple. Clove as one was currently prancing around a patch of clovers. Saffron, Kale, Clementine, Nori, Ambrosia, Kobe, Colby, Cane, Graham, rose,

persimmon, pepper, Quince, cider, eclair, and taffy. Taffy going along with toffees name as he seemed to be the one to usually follow him everywhere. The two names being Pennywise favorites of the list with eclair and cider being a second.

Beverly already having trouble who was named who, while Pennywise took to it instantly. Easily correcting her on which one was which. After a while Beverly was considering making color coded ribbons for them to wear for easier identification. Later in the day she started rounding them up to head inside. The pond turning cold as the sun headed lower in the sky.

"come on, inside." gesturing for them to go.

"no. no. no. no. no. no. no." they chanted. Being named their personality seemed to shine all the more to Beverly. Their voices chanting closely together, but she could see some voices spoke first faster than others. Mainly toffee followed by taffy, then clove followed by about everyone else.

"you have to come in." she told them again.

Getting another refusing chorus of "no"

not willing to chase the cotton balls over the yard, even with Pennywise help, she falsely gave in. "fine, no food." leaving them behind to head for the door. Taking up at least the duckling who couldn't argue with her. the two ending words catching their attention. Causing the herd of fluff to chase after her in a panic. Squeaking to chirps up at her to plead for their food privileges to return.

"inside if you want to eat. Food inside." talking through her pointing for them to go inside. Taking them a second to climb back up the steps to get inside. Pennywise getting ingredients ready for dinner. Chopping up most things while Beverly went upstairs to feed the duckling. Coming back down to prepare meat for cooking. Big slabs of fish to bake along side diced sweet potatoes. Another meal for her of fried zucchini slices sided by lemon to squeeze on.

The baked fish not lasting long enough to cool down after being

served. The meals needing to be bigger more and more each day. Reminding Beverly of when she had her meat cravings. The fluff balls then turning to beg her for her food. She thought it was cute watching them all chirp up at her.

"its veggs." she warned them. They liked plain zucchini, but she knew they would hate the lemon she squeezed on. They paused their squeaking for only a moment, then started right up again as if they didn't believe her. Smelling the food they usually ate under the lemon coated fried breading.

"give them one anyway." Pennywise smiled, knowing full well what their reaction to the lemon would be. She grabbed one piece especially covered in lemon juice. Handing it to one of them who chewed half of it down. Stopping to twist their face in disgust and spit out the revolting food.

Screeching out "veggs" while they fled away from begging their mother for food. Followed by the rest smelling lemon more clearly now over the fried zucchini. Leaving behind more clumps of loose fur that needed to be swept up. The batch shedding even more from then that Beverly was beginning to worry.

Heart jumping at seeing them develop bald spots. Why were they losing so much fur in a small time frame. Was their diet not enough to keep them healthy? Did they really need to eat humans not that they were getting older. She showed Pennywise how one of the balding fluffs was.

"their shedding the fuzz now that their hard scales are coming in. look." rubbing away some more fur to show the hardening grey scales underneath. Her worry's shrinking at seeing the reason to their massive fuzz loss. Needing to make sure the bath drain stayed clear for the rest of the bath rime. Half her cotton balls looking more like snakes that had glue and feathers thrown on them.

"guess I can't call you guys cotton balls any more." drying them all off quicker than she was used to. More fur rubbed off onto all towels to make another separate layer on the fabric. Taking them to bed next to their duckling friend. Beverly had trouble sleeping that night after seeing them shed instantly. Needing Pennywise to help comfort her

that it was fine. In the back of her mind reaffirming that he didn't truly know that. Finding the time without her anxiety's long enough to fall asleep.

Waking to an explosion of fluff across the room. Her once poofy cotton balls now covered in hardened dark scales. Being much closer to how their dad was in his true form. From then on they were far more independent from their parents. No longer following Beverly around or traveling as a pack. Needing Beverly and Pennywise to keep close track of where they all are. Their climbing skills showing as they appeared more on the walls.

The next week they were speaking almost in complete sentences. Asking more clearly for what exact food they wanted. Starting arguments with other siblings over toys or sleeping spots. Bringing their mother presents in the form of dead things they caught around the house. She wasn't excited to see them bringing her a dead rat, but she faked it for their happiness.

Another month the ultimate part of their independent life was coming forward.

They wanted to leave.

Despite not being very big, slightly bigger than a house cat, or able to communicate as well as her or Pennywise. They were skilled hunters capable of hiding better without glaringly bright fur covering them. Climbing over obstacles no longer a problem. Exploring further outward into Derry away from the house. Pennywise always knew where they were and was sure to answer the many times Beverly asked where they were. Afraid they'd be noticed, yet Pennywise certainly never was despite being 16 times bigger in his true form.

Fully hunting their own foods out in the wilds. Preferring to catch live prey in the running river nearby. Doing fine the same as on the dry land to pick off rabbits. Avoiding the main parts of town swarming with people. Their powers of shape shifting not coming to fruition yet, if it ever would. Their biggest power so far being their dead lights able to attract small prey close.

The further they got away from the house the more she could see

them wanting to pass the Derry town line. Pennywise felt the same, not wanting to let his mini hunters go so soon after only 4 months of having them run around. They both had to accept their baby cotton balls were ready to move on from under their care.

"should we let them go when December starts? Or wait till it warms up in spring?" asking Pennywise during the lunch time they were most alone. All their children out hunting in the forest for themselves.

"it's better to let them go, when they need, then to hang on."

"the rivers will freeze over. They won't be able to fish for food."

"there are more foods to hunt away from the river. Rabbits, snakes, raccoons, birds, and even deer when they grow enough. Then there's always territories to the south they can migrate into." hugging her close.

She sighed in nodding her head. Forcing them to stay home for the next few months wouldn't support their growth. They were the size of cats now, but in another 3 to 4 months they could be closer to a dogs size. all of them cramped up in even the large Neibolt house would drive everyone mad. "DEC 1st then." finalizing the date to send them out into the world.

When the day came she cooked a large meal to send them off on. Turkey, honey ham, mashed sweet potatoes with red gravy, pumpkin pie, and sweet corn on the cob. Seeing as they wouldn't be around for Christmas she made each of them a simple gift. Carefully threaded ribbons she spent all night weaving together with Pennywise providing the thread. Dyeing them separate colors to attach silver charms of a caramel apple with a colorful gem for most the apple. Alongside one of Pennywise's costume bells to make the gift give a part of both of them for their kids to carry around.

Having a cheerful chat about their shiny gifts they were happy to wear. Careful to not get any food on their precious gifts the entire time they ate. Talking of where they would go upon leaving today. Some speaking of heading south along the coast. Others heading west and a couple heading straight north into Canada. Beverly feeling

slight disappointment that none of them were going to stay nearby, but proud to have raised them so well.

The meal long finished they said their final goodbyes before heading off to travel. Disappearing off into the night leaving their parents alone in the large house. The place feeling much emptier, quieter, and colder this night. Beverly taking to hiding under the covers of the bed in her depressing mood. Rolling her gifted star between her hands while thinking back on when the spider-lings played with it around the room. Glancing over to Pennywise shifting in under the covers next to her. She didn't want to think it, but their relationship was in limbo.

Sure they stayed together for these past months, but basically for the kids ... and the deal. The whole thing that started it all was now fulfilled.

He was taking their leave far easier than she was. due to his past history of failures in raising eggs, she guessed as the reason why. These were her first children ever, now gone after such a small time together.

"are you thinking of leaving?" approaching the subject of her thoughts gently.

"..." she found it too difficult to answer. In a way, yes, only to get away from the new emptiness of the house more than anything else. Accepting that escaping the emptiness wasn't possible with a move It would only follow her. Burying her nose in her work could strive off some of it. Thinking back on how working on those gifts of ribbon charms greatly helped. She wanted to break out into fashion long ago before starting her plain old office job. Maybe it was time to put her hand into the business. Off to attend some college to break out into the work.

"I can give you that. I can bring that all here."

"..."

"I can give you fame." his offering continued. It wasn't about that though. She wanted a distraction from the ache in her chest. "... what

about another deal?" he grinned. "want to have more?"

her mind took a split moment to think it over. "allow more possible world eaters out into the world? The ones we raised caused no trouble. That fully remains to be seen, They hadn't reached full adulthood yet." shoving aside the worrying fear.

"yes." was her answer.

THE END

eiahmon

not little floofs anymore, mini apex predators. XD

i have highly considered adding the losers in this story. but i was afraid they were going to fall into this dark hole of them turning into assholes.

they want to kill the floofs, bev says no, they say yes, lots of fighting. rinse repeat for a few chapters.

i still may do a small sequel involving the losers finding out, but i want to be sure it doesnt fall into that black hole before i do.

since iam not sure of a sequel i will confirm that *the other* and maturin are very aware of the situation. and both are watching the situation to make sure it doesnt turn sour. pretty much the only reason pennywise is allowed to have young is because he chose Beverly to mate with. allowing him to do so alone and raise his spawn into an aggressive plague is something *the other* wont allow. its the big reason why pennywise cant properly raise eggs or carry them naturally like any other mother. despite trying eons of different ways around his problem.

pennywise having children with a human that wouldn't have raised them as strict as Beverly would have failed as well. the little floofs definitely would have been picked off in one way or another after growing so hostile under their dads teachings.

vampgirliegirl

all good things must end sadly. glad you liked the story. :3